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EXPOSED!

The global warming campaign enters its emperor's-new-clothes phase

BY STEVEN F. HAYWARD

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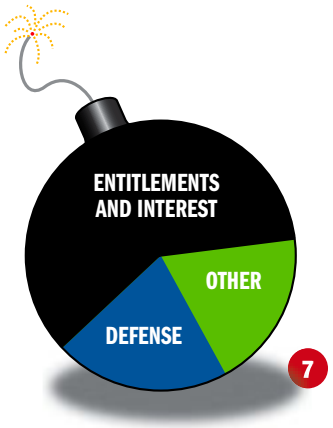
Contents

March 15, 2010 • Volume 15, Number 25



2 The Scrapbook — *Twilight of Lincoln's Doctor's Dog?, a Prize Pundit & more*

5 Casual — *Jonathan V. Last, marine apologist*

7 Editorial — *Reckless at Any Speed*

Articles

8 No Need to Get Tied Down Yet — BY FRED BARNES
The GOP lacks a standard-bearer for 2012—but the list of contenders will grow

9 Wouldn't You Like to Know — BY STEPHEN F. HAYES
The 'most transparent administration in history' stonewalls

11 Obama Talks, Syria Mocks — BY ELLIOTT ABRAMS
The wages of appeasement

12 With Friends Like These — BY ROSS TERRILL
How not to gain China's respect

14 In Defense of Downsizing — BY ANDREW B. WILSON
Sometimes layoffs are the only choice

15 More Bad News for Democrats — BY DAVID WOLFFORD
Rob Portman looks like a formidable candidate for Ohio's open Senate seat

16 Tanks a Lot — BY PATRICK COOKE
Connecticut's environmental bureaucracy versus a 92-year-old war hero

Features

18 In Denial — BY STEVEN F. HAYWARD
The meltdown of the climate campaign

24 A Peace Grows in Colombia — BY VANESSA NEUMANN
After two generations of civil war, will the fighting really stop?

Books & Arts

28 Design for Looking — BY LIAM JULIAN
How to read architecture

30 Grande Illusion — BY KARI BARBIC
Starbucks wants you to know it sells more than coffee

31 Old Hickory's Victory — BY VINCENT J. CANNATO
The difficult birth of Jacksonian democracy

33 Frozen in Time — BY ZACHARY BENNETT
An Arctic death in pursuit of glory—and truth

34 Makar's Mark — BY KATHERINE EASTLAND
The Irish bard translates a Scots epic

36 Tomorrowland — BY ELI LEHRER
The chronicle of popular science fiction/fact

37 Turning Peter — BY NOEMIE EMERY
A blame-America-firster discovers his inner patriot

38 Thrills and Kills — BY JOHN PODHORETZ
One hundred thirty-eight minutes of guaranteed suspense

40 Parody — *Senator Bunning causes a logjam in the Senate cafeteria*

COVER BY GARY LOCKE

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Twilight of Lincoln's Doctor's Dog?

It was Bennett Cerf—founder of Random House, conscience of *What's My Line*—who gazed over the bestseller lists of his day and invented the can't-miss title for a book-publishing smash hit. *Lincoln's Doctor's Dog*, he reasoned, would compel three groups of customers to rush to the bookstore: animal-lovers, Civil War buffs, and hypochondriacs. Taken together, and allowing for overlap, these groups accounted for the entire literate population of mid-century America.

The country has undergone profound changes since Cerf's day, of course, but the bestseller lists still show a nation of book-buyers in love with their pets and consumed by their ailments, real or imaginary. The big difference is in Lincoln books. While publishers continue to produce them with wild abandon, they sell rather less energetically than product with "M.D." or "Marley" on the cover. That may be about to change.

Earlier this month, Grand Central Publishing released *Abraham Lincoln: Vampire Hunter*, a book that ingeniously combines two proven genres, one of them very hot, the other overdue for reheating. Not since the darkest days in 15th-century Transylvania has a nation been so enamored of vampires as Americans are in 2010. If you won't take The Scrapbook's word for it (you won't?), ask the parents of our great nation's teenage girls, every one of whom is at this very moment either reading one of the books in the Twilight series (vampire meets girl, vampire loses girl, vampire tries to decide whether to phlebotomize girl) or watching one of the spectacularly successful movie knockoffs. In an era when book publishers struggle to survive, only vampires offer glimmers of hope. Vampires move units.

Abraham Lincoln, hewer of vampires

But what of the second genre, that of Lincoln? The author of *Abraham Lincoln: Vampire Hunter*, Seth Grahame-Smith, has seen his way around Lincoln's diminished commercial appeal by taking certain liberties with the historical record. Lincoln, for one thing, hunts vampires, and John Wilkes Booth, for another, appears as a leader of vampires, who are themselves the secret cause of the Civil War. Lincoln, though frumpy in his black frock coat, is ferocious and impressively dexterous, able to scuttle up walls and stop bullets, this time without getting killed. He's a Ninja-in-chief. As for his favorite method of combat—well, let's just say this rail-splitter knows how to substitute vampires for rails.

A mark of the publisher's confidence in the book's box office potential is the expensive, highly polished movie trailer that's been made for promotional purposes. You can see it for yourself all over the Internet, but we recommend watching it at the sci-fi fan site, scifiwire.com, if only for the comments. Fury161 summed up the general reaction: "PURE AWESOMENESS!!!" Hearken to the voice of the next generation of Lincoln book buyers. ♦

A Real Prize of a Pundit

The next time you hear a journalist refer to journalism as a "profession," The Scrapbook suggests (after the laughter dies down) that you tell him about the *Washington Post*'s recent contest to find "America's Next Great Pundit." Yes, it's true: A distinguished American newspaper was so desperate in the current economic climate that it actually debased itself—and insulted its own resident columnists/reporters—by conducting a jokey sweepstakes to reveal an undiscovered Walter Lippmann somewhere out there among the great unwashed.

Unfortunately, but not surprisingly, the *Post* failed to find the reincarnation of Lippmann, but instead unveiled a hitherto undiscovered Bob Herbert, a "former lawyer and first-grade teacher" and professional fundraiser for Teach for America named Kevin Huffman. Mr. Huffman is now pundificating twice weekly for the *Post*—where he is literally identified as the winner of "the *Post*'s Next Great Pundit contest"—and based on the evidence thus far, The Scrapbook predicts he should prosper in the company of Richard Cohen, Ruth Marcus, Eugene Robinson, and Harold Meyerson.

Last month, for example, the Next Great Pundit offered some hard-hitting support for Michelle Obama's campaign against childhood obesity with any number of time-honored techniques, including a gratuitous swipe at conservatives ("If there is anything that upsets right-wingers more than Michelle Obama, it's people messing with our right to live the fat life"), incessant self-praise ("I felt the same foreboding sense I had watching tech stocks 10 years ago and housing prices five years ago"), and even a touch of Thomas L. Friedman ("America may

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not be able to create 'green' jobs or provide health insurance to poor people, but doggone it, we can make sure we don't have to roll our kids to school").

This was followed by a teary tribute to President Obama's rhetorical performance at the Health Care Summit ("This is America. We are the kind of country that doesn't let a man go bankrupt because his wife or kids get sick. We believe everyone deserves a doctor. That's who we are") and then, a few days later, the tried-and-true formula of lampooning a Republican fundraising appeal ("We have fun peddling fear to Luddites").

Post readers should be on the lookout for future columns from America's Next Great Pundit on the Republicans as the Party of No, a lamentation that Americans are obsessed with celebrities when they should be working to end economic inequality, some reference to Mitt Romney's hair and George W. Bush's IQ, a sarcastic allusion to Ronald Reagan as "the Great Communicator," a timely tribute to the *Washington Post*'s vital role as public watchdog in the Watergate scandal, a more-in-sorrow-than-anger analysis of Sarah Palin's popularity, and if we're lucky, a fearless exposure of conservative hypocrisy on any given topic in the very same column with a quotation from John F. Kennedy's call to public service.

Followed, after a suitable interval, by the Pulitzer Prize for Distinguished Commentary. ♦

The $215,000 Sheriff

Kevin Larkin is the (Democratic) sheriff of Mercer County, New Jersey, and Kevin Larkin does not tolerate disrespect from the citizens he serves and protects.

On February 1, associate professor Michael Glass was teaching a class on state and local politics at Mercer County Community College. The topic was New Jersey's expected $2 billion budget shortfall. Some students pointed out that part of the state's problem might be the generous salaries paid to state employees and suggested that the state consider cutting some of these salaries. The discussion then turned to "double-dippers"—state employees who collect pensions for one government job while performing another. As it happens, Sheriff Larkin had made news in the local press when it was reported that on January 1, he began collecting an $85,000-a-year "chief sheriff's officer" pension to go along with his $129,634 sheriff's salary. Not bad for a humble civil servant.

The students were aghast. Even for today's kids, $215,000 is a lot of money. One student asked Glass what Sheriff Larkin could possibly do with all that money. Glass responded, "In the case of the sheriff, it's not much. He has child support and alimonies."

Another student in the back of the class was friendly with the sheriff because she also works as the county clerk. She text-messaged Larkin to alert him to the unsavory discussion. A short while later Larkin appeared outside the classroom. Here is how the *Trentonian* described the scene:

> The hulking sheriff, resplendent in a trenchcoat . . . whipped open the door and said, "Michael, can I see you for a minute?" Within 3 minutes, Glass—surprised and intimidated—was back in class, with Larkin 6 inches away at his side, apologizing for "making disparaging comments."

Other accounts of the incident noted that Larkin was still unsatisfied and that as he made his exit he declared, "This isn't over," while his aide added, "You're a terrible teacher, you should get your facts from a book."

It's like the old Tom Kean line about New Jersey: bad cops and overpaid government workers—perfect together. ♦

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The Mystery Caption

The Scrapbook confesses to a weakness for the comic side of book publishing—acknowledgments where authors list their impressive Rolodex, this week's dust jacket blurb from Doris Kearns Goodwin—and so is pleased to introduce a new category: The Mystery Caption.

Here's an example. The photograph to the right is taken from the illustrations section in *Supreme Power: Franklin Roosevelt vs. the Supreme Court* by Jeff Shesol, just published by Norton—"A stunning work of history" (Doris Kearns Goodwin). The caption reads: "Franklin Roosevelt on the eve of his second term, January 1937, showing no sign of the urgency he felt." Some conscientious editor at W.W. Norton must have felt that, for the reader's benefit, every picture in the book required a descriptive sentence.

This is, quite obviously, an official portrait of FDR as president; but what on earth does it mean to point out that it shows "no sign of the urgency he felt"? Does Jeff Shesol know what Roosevelt was feeling when the photograph was taken? And if so, was Roosevelt feeling urgency about the pending Supreme Court crisis, or urgency because he was thirsty or wanted to rub his itching eye? Imagine, if you will, a presidential portrait in which FDR shows signs of "the urgency he felt." Would it resemble Edvard Munch's iconic *Scream*, or perhaps the famous picture of Albert Einstein sticking out his tongue at the photographer? ♦

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Free Willy Horton

There was a hubbub recently when Tilikum, a resident of Orlando's SeaWorld theme park, attacked and killed one of his trainers, 40-year-old Dawn Brancheau. People were surprised that a killer whale would kill. But then, killer whales have been misunderstood for a long time.

For starters, killer whales aren't whales. *Orcinus orca* are members of the *delphinidae* family, meaning that they are, taxonomically, dolphins. Their common name "killer whale" comes from the fact that they kill whales. Their formal name *orcinus* means "belonging to the realm of the dead."

It's perhaps not surprising, then, that Brancheau's is the third human death in which Tilikum has been involved. This orca's sordid history began in 1983, when he was captured off the coast of Iceland. A year later he was sold to an aquarium in British Columbia. In 1991 a trainer there slipped and fell into the pool with Tilikum and two other orcas. They killed her.

In 1992 Tilikum was shipped off to SeaWorld. On a July morning in 1999, workers arrived at the park to find a dead, naked man floating in Tilikum's pool. The maniac had stowed away in the park the night before in order to go skinny-dipping with the 22-foot, 12,000-pound orca. And then there was poor Mrs. Brancheau. Tilikum jumped up, grabbed her by the ponytail, and pulled her into his tank shortly after a performance.

Orcas are what we call apex predators. They can kill everything. Salmon, cod, and other fish make up a large part of the orca diet. So do sea mammals, such as seals, dolphins, and sea lions. They'll eat penguins and pelicans, squid and octopi. Small minke whales are a favorite food, but they'll kill gray whales and humpback whales, just as easily. They'll kill blue whales, the largest animals on the planet, and sperm whales, fearsome creatures in their own right. If a moose or a deer happens to be wading in shallow water, as they often do in the Pacific Northwest, they're game, too. It's a common misconception that sharks are the top of the oceanic food chain: Orcas kill them quite easily, from hammerheads to whalesharks to great whites. Orcas have even been known to kill, and on rare occasion eat, other orcas.

WEEKLY STANDARD PHOTO ILLUSTRATION; ORCA IMAGE, BIG STOCK PHOTO

But here's what makes orcas so interesting, and ultimately so terrifying: A great white shark kills because that's what it does. Sharks are remorseless eating machines. Orcas are not. They're terribly smart. And their intelligence can make them unpredictable.

Taxonomically speaking, orcas are a single species. But different members of the species behave very differently. Researchers have identified three main "types." "Resident" orcas live in large pods which travel the same migratory routes, close to coasts, year in and year out. They eat mostly fish and are content to exist side by side with dolphins and seals and other marine mammals.

So say you're a spunky sea lion playing in the water 10 feet from shore and you see an orca come along. You don't cross to the other side of the beach because you see friendly resident orcas every day. Heck, some of your best friends are orcas. But this happens to be a "transient" orca. Transients travel in very small pods and go hither, thither, and yon. They eat few fish, preferring to munch on bigger mammals. Like you. So long, sea lion.

Then there are the "offshore" orcas, which live far out in open water. They eat some fish, but also enjoy feasting on large whales, sharks—anything that moves, really. The point here is that there's no biological difference between a good resident orca and a terrifying transient or offshore orca. The difference is cultural. It's both as small and as large as the difference between an Amish farmer and a Mafia hitman.

But back to Tilikum. I know what you're thinking—three strikes, you're out; time to give Tilikum the chair. Yet it's worth considering that in the whole of recorded history there have been exactly zero documented cases of humans killed by orcas in the wild. Out there in nature, you can count on one hand the number of times an orca has even mistakenly bitten a human.

Orcas only started harming people when people started putting them in pools and treating them as if they were some kind of cross between a panda and a porpoise. Erich Hoyt, author of *Orca: The Whale Called Killer*, recalls how at SeaWorld in 1976, "orcas were trained to perform Bicentennial patriotic skits, which included donning George Washington wigs and reenacting scenes from American history." From SeaWorld to *Free Willy*, American culture convinced itself that the orca was a cute, tame, amusing creature.

Of course, that view of the cuddly, domesticated killer whale is just another mirage of modernity. Some things are wild enough that they should not—and probably cannot—be tamed.

Jonathan V. Last

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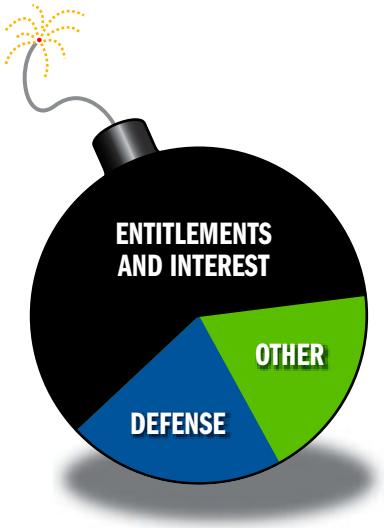
Reckless at Any Speed

The earthquake that struck Chile on February 27 was sudden. The ground shuddered without warning. The devastation was immediate. Like all natural calamities it was random, rapid, and beyond human control.

Disasters come in many shapes, however. Not only are there tremors and storms, there are also manmade tempests that you can see coming from miles and miles away. And these events can be just as ruinous to an economy, just as deadly to human life, just as destabilizing to the international system as a tsunami. Even more so.

The difference? Advanced democracies hedge against whatever nature might throw at them. They establish building codes and draft emergency protocols. They prepare for the crises they know will arrive, even if they do not know the exact times and places.

Yet when it comes to the disasters that result from human activity, disasters that are long in the making, we turn a blind eye. A few brave voices may sound the alarm. But no one really listens. The individuals who benefit from the current arrangements offer excuse after excuse. The situation can be contained, they say. No need to be proactive. No need for boldness.



TOTALS: CONGRESSIONAL BUDGET OFFICE

Consider the federal budget. Its condition is perilous. Set aside the debate over which party is responsible for the record deficits and debt—the answer is both—and the question becomes: Which party has the political imagination and the political courage required to address the situation and make the American welfare state sustainable?

Sadly, the answer is neither. One party is afraid that promising less to future retirees or raising the retirement age or indexing benefits to income will dash its chances in the November elections. The other wants to spend even more money the government does not have, because it does not believe there is any problem that taxing the rich can't fix.

But there is a problem. A big problem. Greece and California's present is America's future. As it stands, Social Security, Medicare, Medicaid, and debt service constitute more than 60 percent of all government expenditure. The number is set to rise to more than 75 percent within a decade. Left unchecked, these four items will consume the entire federal budget by midcentury. By that time America likely will have experienced its first debt crisis. High interest rates? Inflation? They are coming.

We cannot tax our way out. No matter how much revenue the government receives, Nancy Pelosi and her allies will always spend an additional dollar. American Enterprise Institute scholar Andrew Biggs estimates the federal government would have to impose an immediate and permanent 30 percent increase on *every* tax in order to balance its books—in 25 years. American families and small businesses are in enough trouble already. If the spending does not stop, they will hurt even more. And yet we do nothing.

This passivity is not restricted to the domestic arena. Consider the global response to the Iranian quest for an atomic bomb. Construction of the first Iranian nuclear reactor began decades ago. The International Atomic Energy Agency announced that Iran had failed to disclose the full extent and purpose of its nuclear program back in 2003. What has happened since? America and her European allies have pleaded with the Iranians to stop uranium enrichment in exchange for bushel upon bushel of carrots. The Iranians have rebuked their suitors. The centrifuges have kept spinning.

Some believe that time is not a concern and that a nuclear Iran can be deterred, because the Iranian regime is "rational" and "like us." But the regime is not like us. It funds insurgents in Iraq and Afghanistan, sponsors terrorists in Lebanon and Gaza, and aspires to regional hegemony. This is a theocratic "military dictatorship" (Hillary Clinton's words) that routinely uses deadly force and repression against its own people. Its dictator calls for the annihilation of Israel on a daily basis.

Yet the American president grasps at straws at the U.N. And the foreign policy establishment plays make-believe in a delusional attempt to convince the public that a nuclear, adversarial power in the Middle East is no biggie. International law has no force. The Iranians act with impunity.

Tame nature? That's hubris. But we do have the power to control ourselves—to stop reckless behavior at home and abroad. The only alternative is to stand agape and powerless in the face of the gathering storm.

—Matthew Continetti

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No Need to Get Tied Down Yet

The GOP lacks a standard-bearer for 2012—but the list of contenders will be growing in the fall.

BY FRED BARNES

THOMAS FLUHARTY

Texas governor Rick Perry's impressive primary victory over Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison is a signal. After the midterm election this November, the field of candidates for the Republican presidential nomination in 2012 (or later) is going to get bigger and possibly better.

The list is long: Mitch Daniels, John Kasich, Meg Whitman, Bobby Jindal, Haley Barbour, Sarah Palin, Newt Gingrich, Tim Pawlenty, and Jim DeMint. And Perry.

To qualify as a serious national candidate, Perry must defeat Democrat Bill White—and not in a squeaker—this fall for a third term as governor of the nation's second most populous state. But his primary win last week was enough to prompt preliminary chatter about a presidential bid in 2012.

He has repeatedly and emphatically insisted he has no interest in any job outside Texas, and I take him at his word. But his situation may soon change. How? A groundswell of support for a Perry presidential candidacy that included a few prominent Republicans could cause him to reconsider. And it should.

A Perry-for-President bandwagon is all but inevitable, assuming he trounces White. The case for him is pretty simple: Perry is perhaps the most successful governor in the country. Texas has been a job creation machine on his watch. Even in the current recession, Texas has suffered far less than most states. And, by the way, Perry has a tough, tested crew of political advisers who will come in handy if he runs.

Despite four years of steep decline (2005 to 2009), the Republican party doesn't require a total makeover, but it sure could use some fresh talent, preferably with respectable track records, at the national level. The easiest way for a Republican to escape the shadows and attract media attention is by seeking the presidency.

Several of the candidates left over from 2008 may run again. Mitt Romney already is. Mike Huckabee is a maybe. Ron Paul has nothing to lose. Only Romney, of the three, has a realistic shot at the nomination. But as a group, they're not terribly exciting.

Republicans have benefited from the mistakes of President Obama and congressional Democrats. Opposition alone, plus Obama's failure to revive the economy, should produce gains in the House, Senate, governorships, and state legislatures this fall. The next step is to improve the party's stature.

That's where the 2010 election comes in. One way or another, it will thrust a number of attractive Repub-

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licans front and center as credible presidential candidates in 2012 or potential candidates or merely as leaders.

Let's start with John Kasich and Meg Whitman. If Kasich is elected governor of Ohio and Whitman governor of California, it's possible they'll run for president in 2012. Okay, it's unlikely, but not entirely far-fetched. Woodrow Wilson pulled this off. In his first run for office, he was elected New Jersey governor in 1910. Two years later, he won the presidency.

What if Kasich quickly turned the Ohio economy around, and Whitman's application of shock therapy to California's out-of-control government spending and antibusiness climate showed significant signs of working? Again, unlikely. And they have to get elected in the first place, a hard task. But should they win, they'd be governors of big, important states, and at the very least, they'd be Republican stars and touted as future presidential candidates.

Governor Mitch Daniels of Indiana, who's open to running in 2012, will be more inclined if Republicans hold the Indiana senate (33-17 Republican now) and capture the house (52-47 Democratic) in November. That would ease the burden of governing in his last two years in office and allow time for campaigning for president.

Post-midterm elections, Governors Bobby Jindal of Louisiana and Haley Barbour of Mississippi must decide quickly what to do when their terms expire in 2011. Jindal has indicated he'll run for reelection. He's recruited a team of strategists and consultants with experience in national races. So if he forgoes a second term to run for president, he'll have a senior campaign staff in place. Even as a reelected governor, he'd no doubt be a national figure, available for appearances around the country. I'm certain of one thing: Jindal is going to run for president sometime, though not necessarily in 2012.

Barbour has been an extremely active head of the Republican Governors' Association, which pumped millions into the successful races for governor in Virginia and New Jersey in 2009. He flirted with a presidential bid in 2008. Like Perry and Jindal, Barbour is regarded as a successful governor, notably in guiding Mississippi's recovery from Katrina. He's done little to rebut speculation he'll run for president in 2012.

Governors, or ex-governors, often make better presidential candidates. This may encourage retiring Minnesota governor Tim Pawlenty. Senator Jim DeMint of South Carolina has built a national network of conservative allies, which could be the basis for a presidential bid.

You'll notice I haven't mentioned Sarah Palin or Newt Gingrich. They're already national figures. Palin seems to feel no urgency about 2012. She may be planning a presidential run, but there's no evidence of it. Instead, she's giving speeches, endorsing Republican candidates, appearing on Fox News, writing a second book, and trying to develop a TV show. Gingrich, according to various reports, plans to run.

But it's Perry for whom 2010 may be the most consequential breakout year. He's running for reelection on an anti-Washington theme, and he's also antiestablishment, having beaten the darling of the Texas Republican grandees. For a Republican, that's just about perfect positioning. ♦

Wouldn't You Like to Know

The 'most transparent administration in history' stonewalls. BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

At a hearing of the Senate Judiciary Committee last fall, Senator Chuck Grassley, Republican of Iowa, asked Attorney General Eric Holder to produce a list of Department of Justice employees who had been involved in representing detainees. Holder said he'd consider the request.

Three months later he denied it. In a letter to Grassley on February 18, Holder acknowledged that nine Justice Department officials had worked on behalf of detainees before joining the Obama administration. The names of two of those officials—Jennifer Daskal and Neal Katyal—had been reported publicly. But Holder refused to disclose the other seven and allowed that there could well be more than nine.

This refusal by the Justice Department is just the latest example of the Obama administration's near-obsessive secrecy on issues related to Guantánamo Bay and detainees. Given how Obama started his presidency, it's ironic.

Obama was sworn in on January 20, 2009. On January 21, he ordered government agencies to operate with transparency and openness—he had repeatedly pledged on the campaign trail to make his the "most transparent administration in history." On January 22, he ordered the detention facility at Guantánamo Bay closed within a year. These were plainly among the highest priorities of a new administration that had designs on changing Washington.

Since then, however, Obama's determination to close Guantánamo

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has left his openness promises in tatters. The administration has steadfastly refused to provide the public with information on the efforts to close Guantánamo, the lawyers working on detainee issues, and, most disturbing, the detainees themselves.

The secrecy started early. In early February 2009, The Weekly Standard requested a report on Guantánamo Bay recidivism from the Pentagon. We were initially told that we would have it within days. Then it would take weeks. Then months. The Pentagon finally posted a "fact sheet" on the report in April but only after its contents had been widely reported based on leaks.

We requested the updated version of the recidivism report last fall. Although administration officials have referred to its findings in public, the report itself remains classified and unavailable to the public.

So, too, are thousands of pages of documents on the Guantánamo detainees the Obama administration has transferred or released over the past 14 months. When Obama came to office there were approximately 242 detainees remaining at Guantánamo. With a few exceptions, these individuals were still at Gitmo for a very good reason: They were among the most dangerous of the jihadists captured by the United States since September 11, 2001.

There are now 188 detainees at Guantánamo. Who are the 54 detainees no longer there? Sometimes the Obama administration chose to tell us and sometimes it did not. Where did they go? Are they being monitored? By whom? Do they still pose a danger to the United States?

In most cases, we have no idea. And the White House refuses to talk about it.

"We just aren't going to get into the specifics of agreements that are ultimately made in terms of transfer."

That was Robert Gibbs at the White House briefing on January 11, responding to questions from reporters on the transfer and release of detainees.

Here was his boss in his speech at the National Archives in May:

> I ran for president promising transparency. And I meant what I said. And that is why, whenever possible, my administration will make all information available to the American people so that they can make informed judgments and hold us accountable.

Whenever possible? It's certainly possible to provide more information on the detainees being transferred or released—many of whom have strong ties to al Qaeda. Consider the case of Abdullahi Sudi Arale, who was sent to Guantánamo Bay on June 6, 2007.

The Pentagon certainly considered him a highly dangerous terrorist at that time: "Abdullahi Sudi Arale is suspected of being a member of the al Qaeda terrorist network in East Africa, serving as a courier between East Africa Al Qaeda (EAAQ) and Al Qaeda in Pakistan. Since his return from Pakistan to Somalia in September 2006, he has held a leadership role in the EAAQ-affiliated Somali Council of Islamic Courts (CIC)." The Pentagon noted that there was "significant information available" to demonstrate Arale's assistance to terrorists "in acquiring weapons and explosives" and his role in "facilitat[ing] terrorist travel by providing false documents" for al Qaeda and other terrorists.

There are now 188 al Qaeda detainees at Guantánamo. Who are the 54 detainees no longer there? Sometimes the Obama administration chose to tell us and sometimes it did not. Where did they go? Are they being monitored? By whom? Do they still pose a danger to the United States?

Arale was released from Gitmo on December 19, 2009. The good news, to the extent that there is any, is that the Obama administration actually announced that they were transferring Arale. The bad news is that they did so without any explanation of their decision. And the really bad news is that the place they said they were transferring him to—"Somaliland"—does not actually exist. Neither the United States nor any other country recognizes the government of Somaliland—which declared itself independent of Somalia in 1991.

So where was Arale sent? Who is responsible for keeping track of him? Where is he now? And why did the Obama administration come to a conclusion about his activities that was so at odds with the views of the U.S. military officials who originally detained him and sent him to Guantánamo Bay? There are, yet again, no answers to crucial questions.

The administration's obsession with secrecy on detainee-related matters is getting worse, moreover, not better. Last week, the Obama administration refused to provide information on the identities of nine Justice Department lawyers who had done pro bono work for Guantánamo detainees.

When Fox News reported on the identities of the nine DOJ lawyers who had worked on behalf of detainees, Justice Department spokesman Matt Miller said:

> Each of the nine people referenced in the letter filed legal briefs that are available by using something as simple as Google. We will not participate in an attempt to drag people's names through the mud for political purposes.

These lawyers have in the past been proud of their pro bono work for the detainees, so it's not clear why confirming their names is dragging anyone through the mud. But leaving that aside, Miller might want to reread the directives from President Obama on transparency and openness:

> The government should not keep information confidential merely because public officials might be embarrassed by disclosure, because errors and failures might be revealed, or because of speculative or abstract fears. ♦

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Obama Talks, Syria Mocks

The wages of appeasement.

BY ELLIOTT ABRAMS

The Obama administration has from the start seen Syria as a leading case for engagement. Barack Obama said so during his presidential campaign (announcing he would meet Bashar al Assad without preconditions) and repeated this policy view again last summer:

> We've started to see some diplomatic contacts between the United States and Syria. There are aspects of Syrian behavior that trouble us, and we think that there is a way that Syria can be much more constructive on a whole host of these issues. But, as you know, I'm a believer in engagement and my hope is that we can continue to see progress on that front.

The engagement with Syria continues apace. Here are the key elements.

* High level envoys have been sent to Damascus: Under Secretary of State William Burns visited Syria in mid-February, the highest ranking U.S. official to set foot there in more than five years, and Middle East envoy George Mitchell has visited three times. High-ranking Central Command officers have been sent to Damascus to discuss cooperation against terrorism.

* President Obama has now nominated an ambassador to Damascus, the first since Margaret Scobey was withdrawn in 2005 after the murder of former prime minister Rafik al-Hariri in Lebanon (which was widely blamed on the Assad regime).

* The president has also removed the American block to Syria's attempt to join the World Trade Organization.

* The United States has eased some export licenses for Syria, mostly in the area of aircraft.

* Syria's deputy foreign minister was invited to Washington in October, the first such visit in several years.

So there is certainly "progress on that front," to use the president's words. But when does "engagement" become "appeasement"? The case of U.S. policy toward Syria suggests that, here at least, the two approaches may not be far apart.

"Engagement" constitutes "appeasement" if it fails to change Syrian conduct, and the failure to change is overlooked while the "engagement" continues and accelerates. This would not just be fooling ourselves but condoning, rewarding, and thereby inducing even more bad conduct by the Assad regime.

Which is precisely what has happened during this year of American engagement.

* Syrian support for terrorism continues. Palestinian terrorist groups like Hamas, the DFLP, and the PFLP continue to be housed and protected in Damascus. Last August Iraq actually withdrew its ambassador from Damascus in protest over Syrian involvement in deadly explosions in Baghdad. Our commanding general in Iraq, Raymond Odierno, stated as recently as November that Syria continues to facilitate the movement of jihadists and explosives into Iraq.

* Syria continues serving as the route for Iran's rearmament of Hezbollah, in violation of U.N. Security Council resolutions prohibiting such trafficking in weapons into Lebanon. And Syria's activities in Lebanon remain aimed at diminishing that nation's sovereignty, even though Syrian troops were forced to leave Lebanon in 2005.

* Internal repression in Syria remains as vicious as ever. Human Rights Watch reported that "Syria's poor human rights situation deteriorated further in 2009."

In fact, however the Obama administration views its overtures to Syria, the best evidence that these steps now constitute appeasement is found in Syria's response. On February 25, Assad hosted an Axis of Evil party, meeting with Hezbollah's Hassan Nasrallah and Iran's Mahmoud Ahmadinejad. The *Washington Post* reported that "the presidents of Iran and Syria on Thursday ridiculed U.S. policy in the region and pledged to create a Middle East 'without Zionists,' combining a slap at recent U.S. overtures and a threat to Israel with an endorsement of one of the region's defining alliances." More striking was the headline the *Post* put on the story: "Iran, Syria Mock U.S. Policy."

Assad's conduct is surprising only if you view him as a seeker after peace, waiting merely for the hand of friendship from Washington to reorient his regime toward the West. That appears to have been the Obama approach. But Assad's reaction is entirely predictable if you view him as a vicious dictator dependent on Iran's regime for political, financial, and military support. Similarly, the notion that American "engagement" is the road to a Syrian-Israeli peace deal over the Golan Heights is sensible if you believe he needs only a bit of American encouragement to ditch his alliance with Iran and turn West. But the terrorist trilateral just held in Damascus should be all the proof anyone needs that George Mitchell may as well stay home: A Golan deal is not in the cards. No Israeli prime minister is foolish enough to hand the Golan to a Syria whose main allies are Israel's two most dangerous enemies: Hezbollah and Iran.

What has the engagement of Syria actually produced, besides mockery in Damascus? Depression in Beirut,

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where Sunnis, Christians, and Druze only a few years ago defied Syria, but now see an American policy that appears willing to abandon them. Incredulity in Baghdad, where our willingness to engage Syria while it helps jihadists blow people up in Iraq must seem incomprehensible. Resistance in Jerusalem, which only three years ago blew up a North Korean-supplied nuclear reactor Assad was building along the Euphrates and must see our continuing blindness to Syria's actual conduct as stubborn—and dangerous.

What is to be done? First, the United States should acknowledge that engagement has failed and end it. No more high-level visits, no ambassador, no WTO. If the Obama administration insists on crawling forward, the Senate should not confirm the nominee for ambassador, and Congress should by legislation prevent any further weakening of our economic sanctions against Syria. Second, the United States should loudly and frequently condemn continuing Syrian human rights violations; there are fish in this barrel and we should start shooting them. Third, we should raise in the United Nations Syria's continuing violations of Security Council resolutions 1559 and 1701 (barring violations of Lebanon's sovereignty and arms supplies to Hezbollah).

None of these steps will change Syrian policy; that will only happen if and when the regime in Iran, Assad's mainstay, falls. But they will restore to U.S. policy the element of self-respect and respect for facts that is now missing. In Damascus in January, George Mitchell said, "I look forward to building on the positive relationship we have formed to make tangible progress on our effort toward peace and on the bilateral relationship between the United States and Syria." At the very least, let us have no more such statements, whose willful ignorance of Syria's actual conduct—and the victims of that conduct—is embarrassing to American honor and damaging to American interests and allies. ♦

With Friends Like These

How not to gain China's respect.

BY ROSS TERRILL

The excellent obituaries for Alexander Haig showed his many facets—four-star general, crisis manager at the White House, national security deputy to Henry Kissinger, commander of NATO, charming though prickly secretary of state—but left out his revealing collision with Beijing's "bite your friend" syndrome in 1981-82. This syndrome, which predated Haig, lives on to threaten President Obama.

Beijing often tries to instill in any "friend of China" a feeling of obligation to do even more for the People's Republic. Show yourself susceptible to the Middle Kingdom, and smiles lead to demands. Call it bite-your-friend. Someone known to be wary of China, by contrast, does better, as Beijing must snap to reality for the encounter.

Serving as President Carter's national security adviser in the late 1970s, Zbigniew Brzezinski tilted dramatically toward China to draw it into an anti-Soviet phalanx. Responding, the Chinese asked more and more of Carter—and mostly got it.

As President Reagan's secretary of state, Haig in 1981 touted China's global strategic importance and offered to suspend Washington's prohibition on arms sales to the PRC. China quickly demanded Hawk missiles, Mark 48 anti-submarine torpedoes, and armored personnel carriers. Haig, excited about his Oriental initiative, hoped to swap arms to Beijing for China's acceptance of Washington's sale of the F-X fighter plane to Taiwan, to which Reagan was committed. Haig miscalculated.

China not only angrily objected to the F-X for Taiwan, but demanded of Haig a firm date for ending all arms sales to Taiwan. Haig faced two problems. Reagan decided his secretary of state had gone too far toward accommodating Beijing. And the Chinese, noting Haig's gesture, pushed for the extra mile.

Haig persisted. When John Holdridge, assistant secretary for East Asia, told Haig it would be difficult to get the Pentagon to agree to sell missiles and armored personnel carriers to Beijing, Haig shouted at him: "Get it through your thick head. We're going to sell arms to China in September [1981], so we can sell arms to Taiwan in January!" Haig soon resigned, largely over this mess—and China lost a friend.

In June 1982, Haig was replaced by George Shultz, who had a less expansive view of China's capacity to balance Moscow than Haig (or Kissinger) and felt China needed the United States more than the United States needed China. Shultz spoke of China's important "regional role" but reserved the term "strategic" for Washington's relationship with Japan.

It must have stunned Haig that Reagan and Shultz sharply improved relations with China. Wrote James Mann in his 1999 book *About Face*, "Surprisingly, between 1983 and 1988, the Reagan administration forged a closer, more extensive working relationship with China's Communist regime than the two governments had before or have had since."

Bite-your-friend can be found also in Beijing's dealings with Australia,

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among other countries. Prime Minister Kevin Rudd, fluent in Chinese and formerly an Australian diplomat resident in Beijing, was easy prey. When elected in 2007, Rudd enjoyed universal billing as a guaranteed wizard in handling China.

But, in fact, Australia's relations with the PRC, though extensive, have been rocky under Rudd. In 2009, Beijing assailed Canberra for allowing Rebiya Kadeer, a Muslim leader of China's Uighurs, into Australia, sabotaged the Melbourne Film Festival for showing a film about her, and tried to stop the National Press Club from having her speak. Photos of dead kangaroos appeared on the film festival's website. Worse, China reacted angrily when the Beijing firm Chinalco was unable to buy a large chunk of the Anglo-Australian mining giant Rio Tinto. Soon four Rio employees, one an Australian citizen, found themselves in Chinese prisons.

China demanded that Australia "immediately correct its wrongdoings." The Beijing mouthpiece *China Daily* said Australia, by giving Kadeer a visa, was "siding with a terrorist." Actually, Rudd's China policy has been balanced, but Beijing evidently expected better from a friend.

Rudd's predecessor proved the syndrome by negative example. John Howard was wary of China when he became prime minister in 1996. His strong criticism of Chinese naval threats in the Taiwan Strait that year brought a chill between Canberra and Beijing. Soon, however, Howard and China began a decade of smooth cooperation, with excellent economic and cultural results, despite Howard's closeness to Washington and his meeting with the Dalai Lama in 2007.

Individuals, too, can find China asks more of a friend than of a skeptic. Back in the early 1970s, as the author of *800,000,000: The Real China*, I was assumed by Beijing to be a friend. Expectations grew that I would agree with all of China's positions. This did not occur. When Deng Xiaoping was purged in April 1976 and I said the charges against him were ridiculous, a senior Chinese diplomat in Washington retorted, "If you don't understand Deng is a counterrevolutionary, you don't understand anything about China!" Yet this stain did not reduce my access to China (and the Chinese diplomat, after Mao's death, became Deng's ambassador to the United Kingdom). Today, I agree with Beijing on some issues and sharply disagree on others. It makes for a more stable relationship than being a friend.

Haig speaking to the press in 1981

Obama may be in danger of experiencing bite-your-friend. He announced early in his presidency a shriveled notion of American exceptionalism ("I believe in American exceptionalism just as I suspect … Greeks believe in Greek exceptionalism"). Fine for a law school seminar, but self-effacing from the sole superpower. Obama also promulgated the idea that if big powers behave well, rogue states will be inspired to behave well too. This view—decidedly not Beijing's—looks like a dove's flight into the dark. To say the least, Sudan, Iran, Burma, and North Korea have been slow to get Obama's message.

Still genial on his visit to China in November, Obama met no dissidents, did not insist on taking questions at the Obama-Hu press conference, allowed the joint U.S.-China statement to pontificate about India and South Asia, and did not attend church. Asking little from Hu Jintao, he apparently got nothing. The next month in Copenhagen, Obama drank as he had brewed in Beijing. Premier Wen Jiabao, a man normally as polite as Obama, was tough with him, some say rude to him. The media didn't even notice that Hu Jintao, who is Obama's counterpart, did not turn up in Denmark, but sent Wen, his number two.

Since then we've had the Google shock and Secretary Clinton's clumsy effort to define Internet freedom, American businessmen facing new barriers in China, a war of words over U.S arms sales to Taiwan, and zero results from any pressure from Obama on Beijing over egregious human rights violations.

With China, stating where you stand is more productive than trying to please. Long ago, a British diplomatic specialist on Asia, Ernest Satow, told young recruits going to East Asia for the first time: "Do not waste your time worrying about what is in the Asian mind. The main thing is to be clear what is in your own mind." In this respect Nixon and Kissinger and Haig, devising the U.S. opening to China in 1971-72, were correct (and ahead of Congress, the Democratic party, and the media). They knew what they sought.

Obama seems content to preside at the table of world politics, listen to all, and pluck harmony (he hopes) from a cacophony of voices. China, though authoritarian, is realist, distant from Obama's idealism. Whether Obama is right or wrong in his noble aims, the philosophic gap exists. The Chinese party-state has not lost its talent for probing a soft underbelly to its own advantage. ♦

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In Defense of Downsizing

Sometimes layoffs are the only choice.

BY ANDREW B. WILSON

Is corporate America downsizing itself to death? So you would think from watching *Up in the Air*, the popular movie starring George Clooney as a "downsizing expert" who racks up more than 10 million frequent flier miles going from city to city to terminate an endless parade of desperate employees.

Scholarly support for this view comes from Jeffrey Pfeffer, professor of organizational behavior at Stanford University's Graduate School of Business and the author of a February 15 *Newsweek* cover story entitled "Lay Off the Layoffs." An "overreliance on downsizing" as a means of improving corporate performance, he writes, "is killing workers, the economy—and even the bottom line."

Pfeffer cites Southwest Airlines as a model for how other airlines and businesses *ought* to behave during economic downturns. Following the events of September 11, 2001, Southwest resisted the "urge to downsize," as Pfeffer calls it. Southwest did not lay off a single employee. In fact, it expanded and was rewarded with making a profit in the midst of the worst contraction in aviation history.

One may applaud Southwest Airlines on the successful execution of a gutsy and aggressive strategy. But is Pfeffer right in suggesting that other big airlines should have followed suit? The short answer is *no*.

To revisit some of the pertinent facts: After reaching a high of $93.6 billion in 2000, passenger revenues for U.S. airlines as a whole plunged to $80.9 billion in 2001 (the year not just of 9/11 but of the big dot-com bust) and to just $73.3 billion in 2002—a staggering 22 percent decline. Over the same two years, employment at U.S. airlines declined 11.6 percent—only half as fast as the decline in revenues. If anything, U.S. airlines were slow to pull the trigger in sending out pink slips.

With the strongest balance sheet and the lowest cost structure in the industry, Southwest was able to expand in a shrinking marketplace by moving into a small portion of the vacuum left by higher-cost carriers that were hemorrhaging cash and forced to retrench. While other carriers shed nearly 80,000 jobs between 2000 and 2002 and reduced available seat mile capacity by 8.5 percent, Southwest added 4,400 jobs and increased its capacity by 15 percent. In the process, Southwest's share of total airline capacity rose from 6.3 percent in 2000 to 7.7 percent in 2002.

Pfeffer wrongly states that Southwest was the *only* airline to take this approach. In fact, two low-cost, low-fare upstarts—JetBlue and AirTran—expanded even more aggressively and also made money. More to the point, however, in lambasting layoffs as both cruel and unnecessary, Pfeffer ignores the harsh reality facing the established carriers.

U.S. passenger airlines as a whole had *negative* net profit margins on total revenues of 7.2 percent in 2001 and 10.6 percent in 2002. They were losing more than ten cents on every dollar of sales in 2002. Without aggressive downsizing, they would not have been able to meet their payrolls. They would not have survived (and some did fail).

"Layoffs don't increase individual company productivity, either," Pfeffer asserts. But recent history in the aviation industry provides overwhelming evidence to the contrary. As a group, U.S. airlines are far more efficient today than they were eight or nine years ago. Sales per employee have risen more than 60 percent since 2002. At the same time, the cost of labor, measured in cents per available seat mile, has been reduced by more than 25 percent—going from a little more than four cents per mile to under three cents. Unfortunately, over the same time, the cost of fuel has shot up from a little more than one cent per mile to more than three cents per mile. For the first time, the cost of fuel equals or exceeds the cost of labor.

According to the *Newsweek* article,

> A study of 141 layoff announcements between 1979 and 1997 found negative stock returns to companies announcing layoffs, with larger and more permanent layoffs leading to greater negative effect. An examination of 1,445 downsizing announcements between 1990 and 1998 also reported that downsizing had a negative effect of stock-market returns.

But to anyone who has lived through a major downsizing, all this is to state the incandescently obvious. Companies do not lay off huge numbers of people unless they find themselves in deep trouble.

With unemployment hovering at close to 10 percent and millions of people fearful of losing their jobs, it is easy to depict the CEOs and human resource directors of major (or, for that matter, smaller) companies as the cruel and heartless architects of much of today's economic pain and suffering. But it makes no sense to do so.

Corporate managers in this country are not obsessed with wanting to downsize their companies. To the contrary, all of the CEOs I know are obsessively looking for ways to secure the long-term growth of their companies—while being mindful of the need to preserve short-term profitability at a level that will permit continuing investment in the future.

As most people will recall, the Great

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Recession that began in 2007 was not even remotely connected with "overzealous downsizing." It began with the collapse of the housing market, which led to the financial meltdown and the end of the idea that housing prices, stock prices, and personal borrowing could go up, up, and up—more or less forever.

What had been a relatively mild recession grew increasingly ugly in 2008 as millions of people realized that they would have to cut back hard on spending, given the grim realities of a sudden loss of personal wealth and suddenly reduced access to credit. Between June 2007 and November 2008, Americans (more than 93 percent of whom were still gainfully employed) saw more than a quarter of their collective net worth disappear through sharp declines in home prices and the value of their retirement accounts.

The factors that, so far at least, have prevented a cyclical recovery include a simple lack of demand and multiple economic uncertainties. Producers and consumers alike are worried about the threat of higher levels of taxation, and many are aghast at the spectacle of a government that seems blindly determined to press ahead with a new health care entitlement program that is massively expensive and demonstrably unpopular.

The big threat to today's economy is not corporate downsizing, but government upsizing. ♦

More Bad News for Democrats

Rob Portman looks like a formidable candidate for Ohio's open Senate seat. BY DAVID WOLFFORD

Cincinnati

Now that his lone primary competitor has dropped out of the race and both contenders for the Democratic nomination are trailing him in the polls, former congressman and Bush cabinet member Rob Portman seems a formidable contender to retain the seat of retiring senator George Voinovich for the GOP.

Portman's strength begins with his résumé. Growing up on Cincinnati's east side, he developed a political philosophy grounded in entrepreneurship. Since 1926, his family has owned the Golden Lamb inn in Lebanon, opened in 1803 and the oldest continuously operating business in the state. As a boy, he watched his father start his own heavy equipment sales company with five employees.

"We sat around the kitchen table and heard talk about regulations, and taxes, and government getting in the way of small business," he told me. After 50 years, the family just sold the 300-employee firm, though Portman's 87-year-old father still shows up to work.

After attending Dartmouth and Michigan Law School, Portman went home to practice business law. He campaigned for George H.W. Bush in 1988 and served in his White House as associate counsel and legislative liaison. When a vacancy occurred in his congressional district in 1993, Portman jumped into the race and won a special election.

He rode the '94 GOP wave back for a full term and won five more, typically with 70 percent of the vote. Portman was popular in Washington, too. His proudest moments in his 12 years in the House, he said, were "when we passed the balanced budget agreement and the welfare reform bill." Pete Sepp of the National Taxpayer's Union recalls Portman's leadership on the IRS restructuring of 1998. "He set a professional work environment that rose above partisanship and ultimately gave taxpayers more rights."

In 2005, George W. Bush named Portman U.S. trade representative, then later budget director. In his year at the Office of Management and Budget, Portman fought to contain spending and earned the sobriquet "Dr. No." He also pushed for a revised line-item veto bill that would stand constitutional muster, and after consulting with taxpayer groups he established an online listing of earmarks. "He was extremely interested in engaging us and others," said Tom Schatz, president of Citizens Against Government Waste. Steve Ellis, vice president of Taxpayers for Common Sense, confirmed that Portman's efforts "moved earmarks out of the shadows."

But in 2007, he moved back home to Terrace Park and resumed practicing law. He declared his Senate candidacy in January 2009, 48 hours after Voinovich announced his retirement.

Supporters rallied quickly. The National Republican Senatorial Committee endorsed Portman, and the state GOP central committee gave him its first unanimous endorsement in years. Cleveland's Cuyahoga County Republican chairman Rob Frost declared that Portman will "stand up against national health care, stand up against cap and trade, and card check legislation."

"He's the perfect candidate," fellow Ohio Republican and former senator Mike DeWine told me. "There'll be no learning curve for Rob. He has a healthy skepticism of how government doesn't work, and how it should work."

Given this solid backing for Portman, it's not surprising that Cleveland car dealer Tom Ganley dropped out of the Senate primary to run for a House seat instead. With Ganley out of the race, Portman's campaign account—flush with $6 million—will not be drained by a primary battle but

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will only grow for the general election, when he will face one of two statewide officeholders seeking the Democratic nomination.

They are Lieutenant Governor Lee Fisher and Secretary of State Jennifer Brunner. Money, political energy, establishment backing, and a lead in the latest polls make Fisher the likely winner of the May 4 primary. He's brought in $3.3 million and has endorsements from labor and state Democratic leaders, including his boss, Governor Ted Strickland.

Brunner proudly claims to be the grassroots candidate, but she's raised under $600,000 and has only some $100,000 on hand. Observers, moreover, question her tenacity on the stump. Fisher stands at events, backslapping and engaging crowds, while Brunner sits at a table awaiting voters.

Even so, some Democrats fear a bloodletting. Both candidates appeared at a Cincinnati Democratic forum before a somber audience the day after Republican Scott Brown's special election upset victory in true blue Massachusetts. The moderator led the crowd in chanting, "It's not a debate."

Whichever Democrat wins the nomination is bound to emphasize Portman's potential albatross—his connection with an unpopular president who left office amid economic crisis. Fisher tried this at the Democratic nondebate. "We need to rein in the reckless policies of the Bush-Portman administration," he said, eliciting a chuckle from the crowd. Fisher accused George W. Bush of digging the biggest economic ditch of our lifetime and added, "Guess who was holding the shovel … It was Rob Portman."

This tactic may gain Fisher points before an audience of downcast Democrats, but Portman's veteran campaign manager, Bob Paduchik, thinks it will backfire. Voters are looking for results from those who hold office now.

Independents especially may respond to Portman's fiscal record and patient, rational, bipartisan persona. As the *Springfield News-Sun* put it recently, "Though thoroughly conservative, [Portman's] not generally a right-wing warrior." By the same token, noted Rob Frost, "We can't bank on a full GOP victory in the midterms, so we need candidates who bring an ability to work across the aisle." In recent polls, independents favor Portman over Fisher or Brunner by 12 points.

Among likely voters generally, Portman has maintained a modest lead over either Democrat since November. Pollster Scott Rasmussen attributed this partly to the national scene. "The agenda being pursued in Washington is helping Republicans all across the country," he noted—even as he warned that a lead in the polls this early in the campaign, when many voters are still undecided, is no guarantee.

Rob Portman's war chest, fiscal record, and personal reputation may be the next-best thing. ♦

Tanks a Lot

Connecticut's environmental bureaucracy versus a 92-year-old war hero. BY PATRICK COOKE

Lime Rock, Conn.

This is the tale of a man who tried to do the right thing. It begins in the fall of 2007 when John Fitch, then 90, went out into his yard and lowered a measuring pole down the filler tube of one of the two 1,000 gallon heating oil tanks that have been buried on his property since he bought his Lime Rock, Connecticut, home in 1958. Fitch had suspected one of his tanks might be leaking, and when the wooden pole came up showing a lower-than-expected level, he immediately called an environmental excavator and notified the Connecticut Department of Environmental Protection (DEP).

"That's when the State of Connecticut descended upon me like locusts," says Fitch, seated at the dining room table of his drafty 18th-century home. Piled around him are teetering stacks of papers and files, all of them pertaining to his dispute with the state. Fifteen-foot high mountains of soil covered with blue and white tarps are visible through the windows. "Their demands just never stop."

When problems were first discovered, Fitch had no objection to testing for contamination, and spent $10,000 to sample the soil around his tanks. Test results showed a petroleum concentration of 1.5 milligrams per liter, but he says he could find no one at DEP to tell him if that result constituted a hazard. The department ordered him to test, at his own expense, any potable wells, including his own, within 500 feet of the property. The DEP acknowledged that those water samples showed no contamination. "I tested seven wells in the vicinity—even wells uphill from my yard," says Fitch. "At this point they've all been tested twice. I've been drinking from my own well for 50 years. I'm 92. My wife was 91 when she died last year. That water was the Fountain of Youth for us!"

Next, Fitch paid a contractor to unearth the tanks, and the DEP ordered further soil testing. More than 3,000 tons of dirt came up, some clean, some with contamination levels ten times the DEP limit. Unfortunately, the contractor mixed good soil with bad so the DEP decreed that all 3,000 tons would need to be hauled away and destroyed. He would then have to pay for 3,000 tons of clean topsoil to fill in the hole. The DEP made no offer of aid, but instead provided Fitch a list of state-approved soil contamination consultants with instructions to hire one of them to expedite the process. There were 270 names on the list from all over the Northeast. "They were just names and phone numbers," he says.

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"I don't know a good soil consultant from a bad one. Do you? I still haven't hired anybody."

The DEP insisted Fitch pay for a permit to keep contaminated soil on his property until he could come up with a way to pay for getting rid of it. At upwards of $70 per ton, the removal estimates were crushing. "The state said they wanted me to have the dirt hauled down to an incinerator on the Connecticut coast. The whole 3,000 tons. In special trucks. Imagine the fuel you'd expend just getting it down there. And more fuel to burn it up. It's ecologically ridiculous."

While Fitch was still struggling to figure out his next move, the state notified his local town government about the oil seepage. "They warned everybody," he says. "The first selectman, the real estate agents, everybody. The DEP made me put up signs in front of my house saying *Beware of contamination!* In effect they condemned the property."

In 2008 the town lowered the assessed value of his home by $80,000. "I'm a leper in this community," he says.

It seems impossible that John Fitch would ever be considered a pariah. He's not very rich, but he has lived a rich and noble life as an American patriot and sportsman.

During World War II, Fitch flew A-20 bombers before transferring to P-51 Mustang fighters, one of a handful of pilots ever to fly both types of aircraft. It was in a Mustang that he scored a rare kill of an ME-262, the super fast German jet fighter. He was later shot down himself, was wounded, and bombed by his own air force while being transported by train to a Nazi POW camp.

After the war, Fitch became a European auto racing star and, ironically, an official driver for Mercedes. He was, in fact, a codriver of the car involved in the worst spectator disaster in auto racing history, the 1955 crash at Le Mans that killed 84 spectators and ended Mercedes' involvement in the sport. John Fitch may be the only man to have won both the Mille Miglia (an open-road endurance race) and a Purple Heart.

In later years, he invented, among other things, the "Fitch Barrier," the sand-filled yellow barrels seen today at off ramps on freeways across the country. (The creator did his own testing by driving into them head on.) The device has been credited with saving thousands of lives. "The Connecticut Governor even declared John Fitch Day a few years ago," he says, more bemused than bitter.

John Fitch: war hero, racecar driver, inventor, victim

COURTESY OF THE SARATOGA AUTOMOBILE MUSEUM

Eleven years ago, the state of Connecticut's Underground Storage Tank Petroleum Cleanup Account helped homeowners like Fitch pay for unforeseen spill problems. Today it still pays for the cleanup of businesses with underground tanks, such as gas stations, but in 2001 the legislature voted to discontinue the program for private property owners. It kept the strict residential remediation requirements in place, but passed all the financial responsibility on to private citizens.

Patrick Bowe, director of remediation for the DEP, made the state's position clear last year in a letter regarding the Fitch case. "Currently all residents in Connecticut are required by statute to rely on their own resources . . . for resolving the cost of the clean up," he wrote. If the state spends any of its own money, Bowe continued, "the DEP is obligated to seek cost recovery (of up to triple damages) from the responsible party and may also lien the property involved." He concluded: "[We] are confident that Mr. Fitch will be able to resolve his oil spill issues."

It's a certainty other homeowners in Litchfield County, who rely on underground heating tanks, are lying very low indeed, waiting to see what happens in Lime Rock. Even Fitch's state senator, Andrew Roraback, told the local *Lakeville Journal* that he would characterize the current policy as, "don't ask, don't tell," when dealing with oil tanks and the DEP.

Fitch would like the state to allow him to move his contaminated soil to the far end of his five-acre property and allow naturally occurring microbes and sunlight to eventually neutralize the contaminants, a recognized remediation method known as "natural attenuation." But, he says, "the DEP told me that was illegal." In the end he estimates that to redeem the land the way the state wants, in addition to attorney's fees and years of ongoing testing, will cost him half a million dollars.

Fitch walks down the driveway away from his house, a historically protected landmark. He shakes his head at the mountains of dirt that threaten to ruin him. I ask him what advice he would give to someone about to face the same difficulties.

He pauses for a moment. "Suicide," he says, and smiles broadly. But the smile fades. "Who's going to buy this place?" he asks, speculating on where the money might come from. "What could I even get for it? I guess I should have kept my mouth shut. But I thought I was doing my duty." ♦

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In Denial

The meltdown of the climate campaign

By Steven F. Hayward

It is increasingly clear that the leak of the internal emails and documents of the Climate Research Unit at the University of East Anglia in November has done for the climate change debate what the Pentagon Papers did for the Vietnam war debate 40 years ago—changed the narrative decisively. Additional revelations of unethical behavior, errors, and serial exaggeration in climate science are rolling out on an almost daily basis, and there is good reason to expect more.

The U.N.'s Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), hitherto the gold standard in climate science, is under fire for shoddy work and facing calls for a serious shakeup. The U.S. Climate Action Partnership, the self-serving coalition of environmentalists and big business hoping to create a carbon cartel, is falling apart in the wake of the collapse of any prospect of enacting cap and trade in Congress. Meanwhile, the climate campaign's fallback plan to have the EPA regulate greenhouse gas emissions through the cumbersome Clean Air Act is generating bipartisan opposition. The British media—even the left-leaning, climate alarmists of the *Guardian* and BBC—are turning on the climate campaign with a vengeance. The somnolent American media, which have done as poor a job reporting about climate change as they did on John Edwards, have largely averted their gaze from the inconvenient meltdown of the climate campaign, but the rock solid edifice in the newsrooms is cracking. Al Gore was conspicuously missing in action before surfacing with a long article in the *New York Times* on February 28, reiterating his familiar parade of horribles: The sea level will rise! Monster storms! Climate refugees in the hundreds of millions! Political chaos the world over! It was the rhetorical equivalent of stamping his feet and saying "It is *too* so!" In a sign of how dramatic the reversal of fortune has been for the climate campaign, it is now James Inhofe, the leading climate skeptic in the Senate, who is eager to have Gore testify before Congress.

GARY LOCKE

The body blows to the climate campaign did not end with the Climategate emails. The IPCC—which has produced four omnibus assessments of climate science since 1992—has issued several embarrassing retractions from its most recent 2007 report, starting with the claim that Himalayan glaciers were in danger of melting as soon as 2035. That such an outlandish claim would be so readily accepted is a sign of the credulity of the climate campaign and the media: Even if extreme global warming occurred over the next century, the one genuine scientific study available estimated that the huge ice fields of the Himalayas would take more than 300 years to melt—a prediction any beginning chemistry student could confirm with a calculator. (The actual evidence is mixed: Some Himalayan glaciers are currently expanding.) The source for the melt-by-2035 claim turned out to be not a peer-reviewed scientific assessment, but a report from an advocacy group, the World Wildlife Fund (WWF), which in turn lifted the figure from a popular magazine article in India whose author later disavowed his offhand speculation.

But what made this first retraction noteworthy was the way in which it underscored the thuggishness of the climate establishment. The IPCC's chairman, Rajendra Pachauri (an economist and former railroad engineer who is routinely described as a "climate scientist"), initially said that critics of the Himalayan glacier melt prediction were engaging in "voodoo science," though it later turned out that Pachauri

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had been informed of the error in early December—in advance of the U.N.'s climate change conference in Copenhagen—but failed to disclose it. He's invoking the Charlie Rangel defense: It was my staff's fault.

The Himalayan retraction has touched off a cascade of further retractions and corrections, though the IPCC and other organs of climate alarmism are issuing their corrections *sotto voce*, hoping the media won't take notice. The IPCC's assessment that 40 percent of the Amazonian rain forest was at risk of destruction from climate change was also revealed to be without scientific foundation; the WWF was again the source. The *Daily Telegraph* identified 20 more claims of ruin in the IPCC's 2007 report that are based on reports from advocacy groups such as Greenpeace rather than peer-reviewed research, including claims that African agricultural production would be cut in half, estimates of coral reef degradation, and the scale of glacier melt in the Alps and the Andes. Numerous other claims were sourced to unpublished student papers and dissertations, or to misstated or distorted research.

Peer reviewers in the formal IPCC process had flagged many of these errors and distortions during the writing of the 2007 report but were ignored. For example, the IPCC claimed that the world is experiencing rapidly rising costs due to extreme weather related events brought on by climate change. But the underlying paper, when finally published in 2008, expressly contradicted this, saying, "We find insufficient evidence to claim a statistical relationship between global temperature increase and catastrophe losses." Perhaps the most embarrassing walkback was the claim that 55 percent of the Netherlands was below sea level, and therefore gravely threatened by rising sea levels. The correct number is 26 percent, which Dutch scientists say they tried to tell the IPCC before the 2007 report was published, to no avail. And in any case, a paper published last year in *Nature Geoscience* predicting a 21st-century sea level rise of up to 32 inches has been withdrawn, with the authors acknowledging mistaken methodology and admitting "we can no longer draw firm conclusions regarding 21st century sea level rise from this study without further work." The IPCC ignored several published studies casting doubt on its sea level rise estimates.

The IPCC isn't the only important node of the climate campaign having its reputation run through the shredder. The 2006 Stern Review, a British report on the economics of climate change named for its lead author, Lord Nicholas Stern, was revealed to have quietly watered down some of its headline-grabbing claims in its final published report because, as the *Telegraph* put it, "the scientific evidence on which they were based could not be verified." Like rats deserting a sinking ship, scientists and economists cited in the Stern Review have disavowed the misuse of their work. Two weeks ago the World Meteorological Association pulled the rug out from under one of Gore's favorite talking points—that climate change will mean more tropical storms. A new study by the top scientists in the field concluded that although warmer oceans might make for stronger tropical storms in the future, there has been no climate-related trend in tropical storm activity over recent decades and, further, there will likely be significantly *fewer* tropical storms in a warmer world. "We have come to substantially different conclusions from the IPCC," said lead author Chris Landsea, a scientist at the National Hurricane Center in Florida. (Landsea, who does not consider himself a climate skeptic, resigned from the IPCC in 2005 on account of its increasingly blatant politicization.)

It was a thorough debunking, as Roger Pielke Jr.'s invaluable blog (rogerpielkejr.blogspot.com) noted in highlighting key findings in the study:

> What about more intense rainfall? "[A] detectable change in tropical-cyclone-related rainfall has not been established by existing studies." What about changes in location of storm formation, storm motion, lifetime and surge? "There is no conclusive evidence that any observed changes in tropical cyclone genesis, tracks, duration and surge flooding exceed the variability expected from natural causes." Bottom line? "[W]e cannot at this time conclusively identify anthropogenic signals in past tropical cyclone data."

When Pielke, an expert on hurricane damage at the University of Colorado at Boulder, pointed out defects in the purported global-warming/tropical storm link in a 2005 edition of the *Bulletin of the American Meteorological Society*, the lead author of the IPCC's work on tropical storms, Kevin Trenberth, called the article "shameful," said it should be "withdrawn," but in typical fashion refused to debate Pielke about the substance of the article.

Finally, the original Climategate controversy over the leaked documents from the University of East Anglia's Climate Research Unit (CRU) (see my "Scientists Behaving Badly," The Weekly Standard, December 14, 2009) is far from over. The British government has determined that the CRU's prolonged refusal to release documents sought in 95 Freedom of Information requests is a potential criminal violation.

The rout has opened up serious divisions within the formerly closed ranks of the climate campaign. Before Climategate, expressing skepticism about catastrophic global warming typically got the hefty IPCC report thrown in your face along with the mantra that "2,500 of the world's top scientists all agree" about climate change. Now the IPCC is being disavowed like a Mission Impossible team with its cover blown. Senate Environment and Public Works chairman Barbara Boxer insisted on February 23

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that she relied solely on U.S. scientific research and not the IPCC to support the EPA's greenhouse gas "endangerment finding." In her opening statement at a hearing, Boxer said, "I didn't quote one international scientist or IPCC report. . . . We are quoting the American scientific community here." The U.N. has announced that it will launch an "independent review" of the IPCC, though like the British investigation of the CRU, the U.N. review will probably be staffed by "settled science" camp followers who will obligingly produce a whitewash. But Pachauri's days as IPCC chairman are likely numbered; there are mounting calls from within the IPCC for Pachauri to resign, amid charges of potential conflicts of interest (like Gore, Pachauri is closely involved with commercial energy schemes that benefit from greenhouse gas regulation) but also in part because Pachauri chose this delicate moment to publish a soft-core pornographic novel. (The main character is an aging environmentalist and engineer engaged in a "spiritual journey" that includes meeting Shirley MacLaine, detailed explorations of the Kama Sutra, and group sex.)

Robert Watson, Pachauri's predecessor as chairman of the IPCC from 1997 to 2002, told the BBC: "In my opinion, Dr. Pachauri has to ask himself, is he still credible, and the governments of the world have to ask themselves, is he still credible." Not the most ringing endorsement. Yvo de Boer, the head of the U.N.'s Framework Convention on Climate Change (the diplomatic contrivance that produced the Kyoto Protocol and the Copenhagen circus), announced his surprise resignation on February 18. De Boer will join the private sector after years of saying that warming is the greatest threat humanity has ever faced.

The climate campaign is a movement unable to hide its decline. Skeptics and critics of climate alarmism have long been called "deniers," with the comparison to Holocaust denial made explicit, but the denier label now more accurately fits the climate campaigners. Their first line of defense was that the acknowledged errors amount to a few isolated and inconsequential points in the report of the IPCC's Working Group II, which studies the *effects* of global warming, and not the more important report of the IPCC's Working Group I, which is about the science of global warming. Working Group I, this argument goes, is where the real action is, as it deals with the computer models and temperature data on which the "consensus" conclusion is based that the Earth has warmed by about 0.8 degrees Celsius over the last century, that human-generated greenhouse gases are overwhelmingly responsible for this rise, and that we may expect up to 4 degrees Celsius of further warming if greenhouse gas emissions aren't stopped by mid-century. As Gore put it in his February 28 *Times* article, "the overwhelming consensus on global warming remains unchanged." I note in passing that the 2007 Working Group I report uses the terms "uncertain" or "uncertainty" more than 1,300 times in its 987 pages, including what it identified as 54 "key uncertainties" limiting our mastery of climate prediction.

This central pillar of the climate campaign is unlikely to survive much longer, and each repetition of the "science-is-settled" mantra inflicts more damage on the credibility of the climate science community. The scientist at the center of the Climategate scandal at East Anglia University, Phil ("hide the decline") Jones dealt the science-is-settled narrative a huge blow with his candid admission in a BBC interview that his surface temperature data are in such disarray they probably cannot be verified or replicated, that the medieval warm period may have been as warm as today, and that he agrees that there has been no statistically significant global warming for the last 15 years—all three points that climate campaigners have been bitterly contesting. And Jones specifically disavowed the "science-is-settled" slogan:

> BBC: When scientists say "the debate on climate change is over," what exactly do they mean, and what don't they mean?
>
> JONES: It would be supposition on my behalf to know whether all scientists who say the debate is over are saying that for the same reason. *I don't believe the vast majority of climate scientists think this.* This is not my view. There is still much that needs to be undertaken to reduce uncertainties, not just for the future, but for the instrumental (and especially the palaeoclimatic) past as well [emphasis added].

Judith Curry, head of the School of Earth and Atmospheric Sciences at Georgia Tech and one of the few scientists convinced of the potential for catastrophic global warming who is willing to engage skeptics seriously, wrote February 24: "No one really believes that the 'science is settled' or that 'the debate is over.' Scientists and others that say this seem to want to advance a particular agenda. There is nothing more detrimental to public trust than such statements."

The next wave of climate revisionism is likely to reopen most of the central questions of "settled science" in the IPCC's Working Group I, starting with the data purporting to prove how much the Earth has warmed over the last century. A London *Times* headline last month summarizes the shocking revision currently underway: "World May Not Be Warming, Scientists Say." The Climategate emails and documents revealed the disarray in the surface temperature records the IPCC relies upon to validate its claim of 0.8 degrees Celsius of human-caused warming, prompting a flood of renewed focus on the veracity and handling of surface temperature data. Skeptics such as Anthony Watts, Joseph D'Aleo, and Stephen McIntyre have been pointing out the defects in the surface temperature record for years, but the media and the IPCC ignored

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them. Watts and D'Aleo have painstakingly documented (and in many cases photographed) the huge number of temperature stations that have been relocated, corrupted by the "urban heat island effect," or placed too close to heat sources such as air conditioning compressors, airports, buildings, or paved surfaces, as well as surface temperature series that are conveniently left out of the IPCC reconstructions and undercut the IPCC's simplistic story of rising temperatures. The compilation and statistical treatment of global temperature records is hugely complex, but the skeptics such as Watts and D'Aleo offer compelling critiques showing that most of the reported warming disappears if different sets of temperature records are included, or if compromised station records are excluded.

The puzzle deepens when more accurate satellite temperature records, available starting in 1979, are considered. There is a glaring anomaly: The satellite records, which measure temperatures in the middle and upper atmosphere, show very little warming since 1979 and do not match up with the ground-based measurements. Furthermore, the satellite readings of the middle- and upper-air temperatures fail to record any of the increases the climate models say should be happening in response to rising greenhouse gas concentrations. John Christy of the University of Alabama, a contributing author to the IPCC's Working Group I chapter on surface and atmospheric climate change, tried to get the IPCC to acknowledge this anomaly in its 2007 report but was ignored. (Christy is responsible for helping to develop the satellite monitoring system that has tracked global temperatures since 1979. He received NASA's Medal for Exceptional Scientific Achievement for this work.) Bottom line: Expect some surprises to come out of the revisions of the surface temperature records that will take place over the next couple of years.

Hurricane Katrina? Proves warming. Your sore back in February? Nada.

Eventually the climate modeling community is going to have to reconsider the central question: Have the models the IPCC uses for its predictions of catastrophic warming overestimated the climate's sensitivity to greenhouse gases? Two recently published studies funded by the U.S. Department of Energy, one by Brookhaven Lab scientist Stephen Schwartz in the *Journal of Geophysical Research*, and one by MIT's Richard Lindzen and Yong-Sang Choi in *Geophysical Research Letters*, both argue for vastly lower climate sensitivity to greenhouse gases. The models the IPCC uses for projecting a 3 to 4 degree Celsius increase in temperature all assume large positive (that is, temperature-magnifying) feedbacks from a doubling of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere; Schwartz, Lindzen, and Choi discern strong negative (or temperature-reducing) feedbacks in the climate system, suggesting an upper-bound of future temperature rise of no more than 2 degrees Celsius.

If the climate system is less sensitive to greenhouse gases than the climate campaign believes, then what is causing plainly observable changes in the climate, such as earlier arriving springs, receding glaciers, and shrinking Arctic Ocean ice caps? There have been alternative explanations in the scientific literature for several years, ignored by the media and the IPCC alike. The IPCC downplays theories of variations in solar activity, such as sunspot activity and gamma ray bursts, and although there is robust scientific literature on the issue, even the skeptic community is divided about whether solar activity is a primary cause of recent climate variation. Several studies of Arctic warming conclude that changes in ocean currents, cloud formation, and wind patterns in the upper atmosphere may explain the retreat of glaciers and sea ice better than greenhouse gases. Another factor in the Arctic is "black carbon"—essentially fine soot particles from coal-fired power plants and forest fires, imperceptible to the naked eye but reducing the albedo (solar reflectivity) of Arctic ice masses enough to cause increased summertime ice melt. Above all, if the medieval warm period was indeed as warm or warmer than today, we cannot rule out the possibility that the changes of recent decades are part of a natural rebound from the "Little Ice Age" that followed the medieval warm period and ended in the 19th century. Skeptics have known and tried to publicize all of these contrarian or confounding scientific findings, but the compliant news

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media routinely ignored all of them, enabling the IPCC to get away with its serial exaggeration and blatant advocacy for more than a decade.

The question going forward is whether the IPCC will allow contrarian scientists and confounding scientific research into its process, and include the opportunity for dissenting scientists to publish a minority report. Last March, John Christy sent a proposal to the 140 authors of IPCC Working Group I asking "that the IPCC allow for well-credentialed climate scientists to craft a chapter on an alternative view presenting evidence for lower climate sensitivity to greenhouse gases than has been the IPCC's recent message—all based on published information. . . . An alternative view is necessary, one that is not censured for the so-called purpose of consensus. This will present to our policymakers an honest picture of scientific discourse and process." Christy received no response.

In the aftermath of Climategate, Christy proposed in *Nature* magazine that the IPCC move to a Wikipedia-style format, in which lead authors would mediate an ongoing discussion among scientists, with the caveat that all claims would need to be based on original studies and data. Such a process would produce more timely and digestible information than the huge twice-a-decade reports the IPCC now produces. Christy told me that he does not hold out much hope for serious IPCC reform. Although he was a lead author in the IPCC's 2001 report and a contributing author for the 2007 report, the Obama administration has not nominated Christy to participate in the next report. IPCC participants are nominated by governments (a "gatekeeping exercise," Christy rightly notes). The nomination period closes next week.

Even a reformed IPCC that offered a more balanced account of climate science would make little difference to the fanatical climate campaigners, whose second line of defense is to double-down on demonizing skeptics and "deniers." Greenpeace, which should be regarded as the John Birch Society of the environmental movement, is filing its own Freedom of Information Act and state public record act requests to obtain private emails and documents from university-based climate skeptics such as Christy, Pat Michaels (University of Virginia), David Legates (University of Delaware), and Willie Soon (Harvard University/Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics), hoping to stir up a scandal commensurate with Climategate by hyping a supposed nefarious link between such researchers and energy companies. Greenpeace has sent letters to nongovernmental skeptics and organizations requesting that they submit to polygraph examinations about their role in or knowledge of the "illegally hacked" CRU emails. "We want to do our part," Greenpeace's letter reads, "to help international law enforcement get to the bottom of this potentially criminal act by putting some basic questions to people whose bank accounts, propaganda efforts or influence peddling interests benefitted from the theft." One wonders whether Greenpeace has really thought this through, as a successful FOIA request for the emails of American scientists would open the floodgates to further probing of James Hansen at NASA, Michael Mann at Penn State, and other government climate scientists who probably wrote emails as embarrassing or crude as Phil Jones and the CRU circle.

Greenpeace is hardly alone in its paranoia. Britain's former chief government science adviser, Sir David King, popped off to the press in early February that a foreign intelligence service working with American industry lobbyists—he intimated that he had the CIA and ExxonMobil in mind—were responsible for hacking the CRU emails last year. King backed away from this claim the next day, admitting he had no information to back it up.

The climate campaign camp followers are exhausting their invective against skeptics. Harvard's Jeffrey Sachs wrote in the *Guardian* that climate skeptics are akin to tobacco scientists—some of the same people, in fact, though he gave no names and offered no facts to establish such a claim. In the *Los Angeles Times* Bill McKibben compared climate skeptics to O.J. Simpson's "dream team" of defense attorneys able to twist incontrovertible scientific evidence. Not to be outdone, Senator Bernie Sanders (Socialist-VT) compared climate skeptics to appeasers of Hitler in the 1930s, a comparison, to be sure, that Al Gore has been making since the early 1990s, but Sanders delivered it with his patented popping-neck-veins style that makes you worry for his health.

In addition to being a sign of desperation, these ad hominem arguments from the climate campaigners also make clear which camp is truly guilty of anti-intellectualism. Gore and the rest of the chorus simply will not discuss any of the scientific anomalies and defects in the conventional climate narrative that scientists such as Christy have pointed out to the IPCC. Perhaps the climate campaign's most ludicrous contortion is their response to the record snowfall of the eastern United States over the last two months. The ordinary citizen, applying Occam's Razor while shoveling feet of snow, sees global warming as a farce. The climate campaigners now insist that "weather is not climate," and that localized weather events, even increased winter snowfall, can be consistent with climate change. They may be right about this, though even the IPCC cautions that we still have little ability to predict regional climate-related weather changes. These are the same people, however, who jumped up and down that Hurricane Katrina was positive proof that catastrophic global

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warming had arrived, though the strong 2005 hurricane season was followed by four quiet years for tropical storms that made a hash of that talking point.

The ruckus about "weather is not climate" exposes the greatest problem of the climate campaign. Al Gore and his band of brothers have been happy to point to any weather anomaly—cold winters, warm winters, in-between winters—as proof of climate change. But the climate campaigners cannot name one weather pattern or event that would be *inconsistent* with their theory. Pretty convenient when your theory works in only one direction.

The unraveling of the climate campaign was entirely predictable, though not the dramatic swiftness with which it arrived. The long trajectory of the climate change controversy conforms exactly to the "issue-attention cycle" that political scientist Anthony Downs explained in the *Public Interest* almost 40 years ago. Downs laid out a five-stage cycle through which political issues of all kinds typically pass. A group of experts and interest groups begin promoting a problem or crisis, which is soon followed by the alarmed discovery of the problem by the news media and broader political class. This second stage typically includes a large amount of euphoric enthusiasm—you might call this the dopamine stage—as activists conceive the issue in terms of global salvation and redemption. One of the largest debilities of the climate campaign from the beginning was their having conceived the issue not as a practical problem, like traditional air pollution, but as an expression, in Gore's view, of deeper spiritual and even metaphysical problems arising from our "dysfunctional civilization." Gore is still thinking about the issue in these terms, grasping for another dopamine rush. In his February 28 *New York Times* article, he claimed that an international climate treaty would be "an instrument of human redemption."

The third stage is the hinge. As Downs explains, there comes "a gradually spreading realization that the cost of 'solving' the problem is very high indeed." This is where we have been since the Kyoto process proposed completely implausible near-term reductions in fossil fuel energy—a fanatical monomania the climate campaign has been unable to shake. In retrospect it is now possible to grasp the irony that President George W. Bush's open refusal to embrace the Kyoto framework kept the climate campaign alive by providing an all-purpose excuse for the lack of "progress" toward a binding treaty. With Bush gone, the intrinsic weakness of the carbon-cutting charade is impossible to hide, though Gore and the climate campaigners are now trying to blame the U.S. Senate for the lack of international agreement.

"The previous stage," Downs continued, "becomes almost imperceptibly transformed into the fourth stage: a gradual decline in the intensity of public interest in the problem." Despite the relentless media drumbeat, Gore's Academy Award and Nobel Prize twofer, and millions of dollars in paid advertising, public concern for climate change has been steadily waning for several years. In the latest Pew survey of public priorities released in January, climate change came in dead last, ranked 21st out of 21 issues of concern, with just 28 percent saying the issue should be a top priority for Congress and President Obama. That's down 10 points over the last three years.

A separate Pew poll taken last October, *before* Climategate, reported a precipitous drop in the number of Americans who think there is "solid evidence" of global warming, from 71 percent in 2008 to 57 percent in 2009; the number who think humans are responsible for warming dropped in the Pew poll from 47 to 36 percent. Surveys from Rasmussen and other pollsters find similar declines in public belief in human-caused global warming; European surveys are reporting the same trend. In Gallup's annual survey of environmental issues, taken last spring, respondents ranked global warming eighth out of eight environmental issues Gallup listed; the number of people who say they "worry a great deal" about climate change has fallen from 41 to 34 percent over the last three years. Gallup's Lydia Saad commented: "Not only does global warming rank last on the basis of the total percentage concerned either a great deal or a fair amount, but it is the only issue for which public concern dropped significantly in the past year."

"In the final [post-problem] stage," Downs concluded, "an issue that has been replaced at the center of public concern moves into a prolonged limbo—a twilight realm of lesser attention or spasmodic recurrences of interest." The death rattle of the climate campaign will be deafening. It has too much political momentum and fanatical devotion to go quietly. The climate campaigners have been fond of warning of catastrophic "tipping points" for years. Well, a tipping point has indeed arrived—just not the one the climate campaigners expected.

The lingering question is whether the collapse of the climate campaign is also a sign of a broader collapse in public enthusiasm for environmentalism in general. Ted Nordhaus and Michael Shellenberger, two of the more thoughtful and independent-minded figures in the environmental movement, have been warning their green friends that the public has reached the point of "apocalypse fatigue." They've been met with denunciations from the climate campaign enforcers for their heresy. The climate campaign has no idea that it is on the cusp of becoming as ludicrous and forlorn as the World Esperanto Association. ♦

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A Peace Grows in Colombia

After two generations of civil war, will the fighting really stop?

By Vanessa Neumann

Bogotá, Colombia

"Colombia's is the Rolls Royce of programs. That's why we're all here," says a keen American as we join the rest of the participants boarding the bus that will take us from our hotel to Bogotá's El Dorado airport from where we will fly 150 miles west to the town of Armenia in Colombia's coffee region in the hilly center of the country.

Some 60 peacekeepers, academics, generals, and bureaucrats from 20 countries are all congregating in Colombia for a week to inspect its process of Disarmament, Demobilization, and Reintegration (DDR) of former guerrillas and paramilitaries into civilian society. It's said to be the envy of other countries trying to extract themselves from civil wars.

This vast conference crisscrossing Colombia (a country almost as big as France and Spain put together) is part international strategic cooperation and part propaganda, intended both to show off and to get input from the other countries on Colombia's work to wind down the low-level war that has ravaged the country for more than 40 years. It's left tens of thousands dead and over 3 million displaced.

Our international delegation is clearly a tempting target for any FARC commander with his back to the wall, and the government's military might is on constant display. When we land in Armenia, our buses are joined by police escorts: two police officers on each of about three motorcycles is all we can see from the windows. It's only when we alight at the Disneyish Hotel Las Camelias that the full security contingent is apparent. On either side of the imposing gates and amongst the miniature golf, tennis courts, swimming pools, and children's playground are about 20 grim and earnest soldiers, clutching what I take to be M-16s. Their eyes follow us steadily; when someone tries to photograph them, they turn their backs to the camera.

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The isolation, faux luxury, and heavy security of our location makes it seem like a wannabe G20, a feeling only exaggerated by the array of simultaneous interpreters: one for Spanish into English, another for English into Spanish. No one can quite manage Portuguese for the Angolans and Mozambiqueans, and French is done spontaneously by the participants themselves.

During our preliminary two-day conference, the inevitable government apparatchik had stood up and told us there is no longer any armed conflict in Colombia, simply a few thugs with absolutely no popular support—a fact that may well come as a surprise to the thousands of kidnap victims still in FARC hands or to the U.S. government, which gives Colombia roughly $750 million a year in financial and military assistance—or even members of the Uribe administration, most of whom have suffered the violence from the leftist guerrillas (FARC, ELN, M-19, EPL, the Socialist Renovation Current, etc.) or the several dozen right-wing paramilitary groups under the umbrella of the AUC (the Spanish acronym for "the United Colombian Self-Defense," private armies fighting the guerrillas) or both. Some of their families have had as many as 20 relatives kidnapped. Though Colombia is tired of the right-versus-left fighting that has shredded the country continuously since the civil war of 1946–64 and has enacted various piecemeal laws to enable demobilization, there is no overarching peace accord.

Throughout the eight-day trip, it's the extent that forgiveness has been wrought from exhaustion that's most striking. From the president's office to the poorest communities, victims and victimizers are building together. It's not that they have forgotten the horror of having their relatives delivered in body bags or watching them be hacked to pieces by chainsaw in the town square—starting from the ankles and working up, so the victim lives (and screams) as long as possible, a preferred AUC tactic.

"We're tired of the violence. We just want it to end," says a weather-worn coffee farmer clinging to the back of our jeep as it heads up the dirt road from the small Risaralda town of Santuario to a cliff promontory called La Linda, a

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FARC stronghold from 1999 until 2003, when it was taken over by a paramilitary front known as the Heroes and Martyrs of Guática of the Central Bolivar Bloc of the AUC, who then demobilized here in December 2005. Now it is the site of a reintegration project: In 2009 the government funded a playing field and a schoolhouse in exchange for the community accepting the former fighters back into their fold, living and building the school alongside their former torturers. Our self-appointed guide refers to the AUC as *los muchachos* ("the boys"), still afraid to call them paramilitaries. He witnessed AUC chainsaw executions, yet speaks of the paramilitaries as cleansing the village of the FARC and of their brutally imposed curfews— anyone out at night was killed—as being for the villagers' protection.

The AUC was demobilized under the 2005 Justice and Peace Law. Now *los muchachos* pick coffee beans alongside the villagers to produce *El Café de la Reconciliación*, ("Reconciliation Coffee"), which is then packaged, sold, and marketed by Colombia's powerful Coffee Growers Federation (they of the Juan Valdez brand).

The Justice and Peace Law has been widely criticized by Human Rights Watch and other NGOs as inadequate punishment for the paramilitaries. But it was specifically designed to give demobilized fighters who have committed crimes against humanity while members of a "recognized armed group at the margins of the law"—namely, the AUC which has demobilized collectively—reduced sentences in exchange for full disclosure and reparations to the affected families. (They serve five and eight years instead of cumulative sentences that could easily run more than 40.) It's Colombia's version of a Truth and Reconciliation Commission and has led to knowledge of 257,089 registered victims, 32,909 specific crimes—of which 14,612 have been confessed to—and 2,182 exhumed graves. Last year the government approved reparations (more will be done by the judiciary, for there are always two routes to peace in Colombia) of $100 million, and there is $500 million in aid budgeted for the internally displaced. The demobilization process has also greatly increased government intelligence about the armed groups. Murders have dropped from 30,000 in 2002 (when Alvaro Uribe was elected president) to 16,000 in 2009 and kidnappings from 3,000 to 213 over the same period.

The other common accusation is that the law is simply a convenient whitewash of the Parapolitical Scandal, which revealed that the AUC had political ties reaching deep into the Uribe administration. Along with corruption charges, there have been allegations that the Colombian military passed on intelligence to the AUC to support its battles against the FARC, committing at-arms-length massacres the government could not sanction directly.

Though many facts of the scandal remain sketchy, Colombia's judicial institutions appear to be working better than those in most of the rest of Latin America (and nearly any country with continued armed conflict): The Parapolitical Scandal has resulted in numerous prosecutions, and Colombia claims that its DDR process will prosecute more fighters than in all previous such efforts put together, including the Nuremberg trials. Such are the Graham Greene-esque contradictions of Colombia: a revolution alongside a state, forgiveness with prosecution, peace-building without peace accords, and a peace process driven by military prowess.

The 2005 law also set up the vast program of the Presidential High Commission for Peace and Reintegration (ACR is its Spanish acronym) to offer a chance for leftist FARC guerrillas to individually demobilize. It grants them forgiveness of their political crimes—rebellion, treason, and riot (though not kidnapping or rape)—in exchange for their entering a government program of psychosocial assistance and vocational training.

This process is the result of a shift in 2006 from "reinsertion" to "reintegration," as a consequence of the Justice and Peace Law and the demobilization agreement made with the AUC. Prior to 2006, reinsertion was centralized, short-term, and focused on the individual fighter. Reintegration is managed by state and local political entities and includes the individual's family and community in hopes of creating an environment for long-term success. Security, life insurance, and economic aid are considered the main motivating factors for the demobilized to remain civilians. Aside from

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counseling for the entire family, the former fighters receive vocational training and basic education. The reintegration process is part of the Colombian government's realization that it needs to address the deeper issues behind armed groups for peace to be lasting after so many decades of war.

The ACR program mixes carrot and stick to make sure demobilized guerrillas don't take up arms again. The stick is the massive U.S.-backed military with an excellent propaganda machine following swiftly on its heels. Thin, pale, spy planes known as "The Cross" hover above guerrilla jungle camps and guide in soldiers or Blackhawk helicopters. After the battle comes the psychology: leaflets, banners, and booming messages encouraging the embattled guerrillas to quit. Even Ingrid Betancourt, the Franco-Colombian politician who spent six-and-a-half years as a FARC hostage, was pressed into service within 24 hours of her rescue: "I am Ingrid Betancourt and I am free. Cross the bridge and come join me in freedom. Life is better out here. Give up your weapons now." The idea is to chip away at the unpaid and unhappy foot soldiers, so there won't be much of an enemy to resist the military onslaught. "Demobilize, capture, kill" are the three strategic priorities. This has helped reduce violence in the countryside, the Colombian authorities say.

There is not likely to be any strong anti-Uribe movement in this election. One way or another the specter of Uribe will haunt the presidential palace for at least another four years.

At Las Camelias, a DDR expert from a Swedish think tank gives a presentation based on his experiences in Rwanda and Sierra Leone. But the Liberians and Rwandans in attendance tell me Colombia's peace building process is not Africa's. Colombians have a lot more money, for a start.

Another difference is that Colombia's warring revolutionary and counterrevolutionary forces have fought alongside an active state infrastructure—although the Colombian state was arguably on the verge of collapse when Uribe took office in 2002. After years of failed peace talks, the FARC were more powerful than ever, with thousands of kidnap victims in ad hoc concentration camps in the demilitarized zones they had been granted as part of the agreement to join talks. They unabashedly assassinated judges and presidential candidates. Less than one-third of Colombian municipalities had a police or state presence.

Colombia's peace process is run by the state itself rather than an outside mediator. Peace building here is a form of territorial conquest: The government uses its slowly developed military might to force the surrender by opposing fighters into the state structure, not some U.N.-mediated power-sharing agreement as in Northern Ireland or Liberia. The Philippines and Sri Lanka, where the Tamil Tigers capitulated after they were nearly bled to death, are better parallels. It is no coincidence that both these countries have representatives here or that the Philippines enjoys an especially close relationship with Colombia, though it is nothing like the relationship Colombia enjoys with the United States.

The extent of U.S. military assistance and training is evident at the agricultural commune integrating former guerrillas in Vallenpaz in the Cauca department on the southwest coast. The soldiers guarding us have "US" stamped on their vests and radios. Their guns, though, are Israeli. "We used to use American M-16s," says a soldier, "but they're too unreliable and take too much cleaning if you're using them in the bush. We can't afford the time. So we carry these Israeli Galils; they're much sturdier, all encased in metal, though they weigh two-and-a-half times what an M-16 weighs." Likewise the Urban Antiterrorist branch of the Special Forces that guards us in Bogotá: They carry Israeli T.A.R. 21 snub-nosed semiautomatics.

Soldiers, police, special forces, sharpshooters, and helicopters are omnipresent and a constant reminder of what peace building without a comprehensive peace accord means. Indeed on our hour-long open-backed jeep journey to La Linda, I am informed by Alejandro Eder—the political adviser to Frank Pearl, Uribe's High Commissioner for Peace and Reintegration—that the area has been encircled and cleared by soldiers for three days prior to our arrival. In addition to the armed convoy and the soldiers dotting the landscape, "there are many others you cannot see."

There is an inherent instability in Colombia's DDR program: Although there is a legal framework for punishment and reparations, the process and mechanisms of reintegration are entirely reliant on the political will of the president. This of course fits nicely with the cult of personality surrounding Alvaro Uribe, a man so dynamic and ruthless, many think Colombia cannot survive without him at the helm. They're about to find out if this is true: The Colombian Supreme Court has just disallowed the referendum on the constitutional amendment that could have allowed Uribe to run for a third term in the May 2010 elections. They had already amended the constitution to allow him two consecutive terms, so this would have been what Colombians call Uribe's re-reelection, which he was widely

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expected to win hands-down in the first round, as he did both previous times in waves of historic popularity.

Media attention is focused around the three candidates embroiled in Putin-esque machinations to succeed Uribe, two of whom he has personally anointed: Defense Minister Juan Manuel Santos and former Agriculture Minister Andrés Felipe Arias, commonly known as *Uribito* ("the Mini-Uribe"). Santos is a renowned FARC-hunter and widely credited for 2008's *Operación Jaque*, in which Ingrid Betancourt and the three American contractors were rescued from their FARC jungle camps without a shot ever being fired. His presidential candidacy is assured as he leads the *Partido de la U* (the U is, yes, for Uribe; the party was founded to unite Uribe's parliamentary supporters). But Arias may end up a man without a party, as he looks likely to lose the Conservative party nomination to Colombia's formidable former ambassador to Great Britain, Noemí Sanín. Bright, charismatic, beautiful, and tough, Sanín has a compassionate touch that plays well on the campaign trail: sort of Maggie Thatcher-meets-Princess Di. Early polls put her 20 points ahead of the scandal-plagued Arias. But it is his patent *Uribismo* that could be the Mini-Uribe's ultimate undoing. The Conservative party leadership is worried that if they give the candidacy to Arias and he does poorly, he will concede and turn his supporters over to Santos to ensure the *Uribista* succession. Not that there is likely to be any strong anti-Uribe movement in this election; even opposition candidate Germán Vargas Lleras boasts on the website that his Radical Change party is "part of the government coalition." One way or another the specter of Uribe will haunt the presidential palace for at least another four years.

Trouble bubbles below the surface in a number of guises. Beyond the rampant poverty lies what Colombians have been fighting over for the last six decades: land. A full 10 million acres have yet to be returned to the people who used to live on and work it, often for generations, without title. When the FARC or the AUC took control, they would sometimes register title. So now that the government has seized it from the fighters, restitution is far from clear-cut. And guerrillas, emergent criminal gangs, and old-fashioned drug lords continue to vie for control of the land routes to export cocaine to both coasts, to Ecuador, and, especially, to Venezuela. And then there's the Agroincome Scandal—the government's giving land and development subsidies to some of the wealthiest families in Colombia—which has ensnared Andrés Felipe Arias and led to cynicism and disappointment.

The high-stakes pursuit of guerrillas and terrorists has put pressure on the Colombian military to produce results that justify all the funding and assistance they receive. This has resulted in yet another scandal: this one known as the False Positives. Poor civilian boys who were reported missing by their mothers in Soacha, just south of Bogotá, were found three days later in a different part of the country dressed in fatigues and shot dead by the military, who then identified them as guerrillas killed in combat. The mothers and other family members insisted this was impossible, and the government is prosecuting nearly 500 soldiers involved in the kidnap and murder. But some remain dissatisfied, claiming the prosecutions are too slow, and that the prison terms too often become time served while awaiting trial, leaving the kidnappings and murders legally unpunished.

"But the legal process is working in this case. It is the government itself that made the events at Soacha public, so we are not hiding anything," insists Carlos Franco, as we chat at the Colombian embassy in London a few days after my trip. He is the very embodiment of redemption through reintegration. It is easy to forget that this blue-eyed, middle-aged man with wild wavy hair sitting in a pinstriped blue suit was once a commander of the leftist EPL guerrillas. Now he is the director of the Presidential Program for Human Rights, coordinating the tasks of the various government departments and shaping Colombian policy on human rights. He feels these have advanced greatly during the Uribe administration, mainly through strengthened state institutions. "So the most important thing today," says Franco,

> is that the state now feels responsible for guaranteeing the rights of the people. I think that's very important—all rights, be they of labor union members or a businessman who should not be kidnapped or political opposition to the government. The second thing is that all the policies are considered in the light of human rights. Our security policy is designed to guarantee rights and it's enacted respecting people's rights.

Yet he is realistic about the challenges of what he terms "a process of reintegration in the midst of confrontation." It is not popular with everyone:

> Shimon Peres, the man who knows more about war and peace than anyone else in the world, said that you have to negotiate as if there were no war and make war as if there were no peace negotiations. It's really two faces of the same coin. A lot of pacifists think they're mutually exclusive, or they make the assessment that this government has chosen war. This government has not chosen war; this government has confronted the circumstances with which it was faced. This is not a decision made by the Colombian government; this is a decision made by the guerrillas.

When I ask Franco what he considers the greatest remaining challenges for him, he wryly answers that with seven-and-a-half years at his post and only a few months remaining on his term alongside Uribe, he has more achievements than challenges ahead of him. "The challenges will be for the next government." ♦

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Design for Looking

How to read architecture

BY LIAM JULIAN

Architecture is not art as a painting or a sculpture is art. Architecture is art that has to fulfill a functional purpose. A building must keep its occupants warm and dry, and it must stand up. And buildings are not collected in museums. They are found on the streets, imposing themselves on anyone who passes, and so they must strive, more so than paintings or sculptures, to be acceptable and accessible to the public.

The *New Yorker*'s architecture critic, Paul Goldberger, in *Why Architecture Matters*, acknowledges as much: "Architecture is balanced, precisely and precariously, between art and practicality." He references the Roman polymath Vitruvius, who laid out several fundamental principles of architecture that have since been distilled to three: commodity, firmness, and delight. In other words, architecture should fulfill its purpose and provide comfortable accommodation, it should be constructed solidly and skillfully, and it should be beautiful and pleasing. "Each aspect of architecture coexists," Goldberger writes, "and every work of architecture must to a greater or lesser degree take them all into account."

But just pages after Goldberger enumerates and praises this Vitruvian troika, he dismisses it. The brush-off comes during a discussion of the houses of Frank Lloyd Wright and Le Corbusier, especially Le Corbusier's famous Villa Savoye.

The Villa Savoye, built in 1929 for the Savoye family, sits outside Paris in Poissy, in a clearing surrounded by dense trees. The house is a rectangular box of plain, white walls set atop thin, white, unornamented pylons. Ribbon windows run along its sides, and on its roof is a terrace surrounded by another nondescript white wall. It has no decoration, is impassive and sterile, and appears oddly fragile and weightless. Alain de Botton nails it:

> It seems that the house may be no more than a temporary visitor and that its roof-top equipment could at any point receive a signal that would lead it to fire its concealed engines and rise slowly over the surrounding trees and historically styled villas on the beginning of a long journey home to a remote galaxy.

It is debatable whether the Villa Savoye satisfies the Vitruvian principle of delight. Some people find its illusion of levitation, deceptively flimsy façades, cubist manner, contrasts and contradictions, and severe lines and open spaces and pervasive sparseness to be beautiful; others do not. What is incontrovertible, though, is that the Villa Savoye failed to provide its owners either firmness or commodity.

The house's roof leaked, and it began leaking less than a week after the Savoye family moved in. Roger Savoye, the only child, developed a chest infection that sent him to a French sanatorium for a year. In 1936, Madame Savoye wrote to Le Corbusier, "It's raining in the hall, it's raining on the ramp, and the wall of the garage is absolutely soaked. What's more, it's still raining in my bathroom, which floods in bad weather, as the water comes in through the skylight." One year later, she wrote to tell the architect that either he would immediately pay to repair her "uninhabitable" house or she would see him in court.

Goldberger knows the story but is

The Villa Savoye

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Why Architecture Matters
by Paul Goldberger
Yale, 304 pp., $26

Building Up and Tearing Down
Reflections on the Age of Architecture
by Paul Goldberger
Monacelli, 320 pp., $35

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unmoved by it: "The leaky roof is not our problem, and neither is the fact that we might not wish to live in such a building ourselves." To note that the vaunted Villa Savoye was an uninhabitable habitation is "churlish." The wet and wheezy Madame Savoye had reason to be put out, certainly, but the leaky roof "didn't leak on you or me" and "few great houses are uplifting works of art to the people who live in them." Goldberger writes that great architecture, because it is great art, must challenge, and thus those who live with—live *in*—such challenging buildings cannot be other than frustrated by them. Such frustration is necessarily bred of proximity to and the ubiquity of "challenge," but it cannot be allowed to detract from a building's greatness.

First, this reasoning is a real stretch. And second, Goldberger has tripped over Vitruvius, for how can a home be firm and commodious if those who live in it find it unsuitable for living? Goldberger flails, and it's tough to stay with him as he attempts to regain balance. Does he really mean to equate a leaky roof to the "challenge" of great art? Has he forgotten that he wrote, on the first page of *Why Architecture Matters*, that "The purpose of this book is to explain what buildings do beyond keeping us out of the rain," thereby asserting that the *primary* thing any building must do is keep its occupants out of the rain? One wonders if Goldberger sees the Villa Savoye as a real house or some kind of theoretical house. Is its worth to be judged as architecture, or as architectural idea? (And if the latter, did anyone bother to tell the Savoyes?)

Goldberger repeatedly writes of the "paradox" of architecture, art that must be practical. He repeatedly writes that architecture cannot be judged by only functional or aesthetic or ideological metrics, but that its value is dependent on all three. And yet those rules are out the window when Goldberger, the critic, is placed in a position that (in this book, at least) seems oddly uncomfortable for him: the position of needing to move beyond paeans to architecture to judge actual buildings.

If he believes that certain structures—those that are in some way revolutionary, that demonstrate innovative techniques or materials or ideas—can be evaluated wholly on their theoretical or aesthetic uniqueness, then he should say so. At the very least, he should say nothing at all and let his criteria remain vaporous. Goldberger, however, espouses an opposite philosophy: that architecture's worth depends on achieving a Vitruvian balance. Then, he flip-flops.

Certain of the essays are outright dismissive of the spoken and written theories of architects; Goldberger has opted to judge their work and not their words. The happy result is pointed writing that is clearer about why architecture matters than his book of that name.

Why Architecture Matters, according to its author, is not a work of history or a guide to styles but a more expansive, meandering appreciation of architecture whose "most important message" is to "encourage [a reader] to look" and trust his eye. For those disposed to such looking there exist better works of history, better guides, and better meandering appreciations, of which Botton's *The Architecture of Happiness* and the venerable *Experiencing Architecture* by Steen Eiler Rasmussen are two among many. In both of them, the narrative, if not always straight and clear, at least wends pleasurably; it doesn't in *Why Architecture Matters*. De Botton's and Rasmussen's writing pops. In *Why Architecture Matters*, Goldberger's doesn't.

His stronger book is *Building Up and Tearing Down*, a collection of his critical essays. Here are found spry sentences and sharp observations, the sharpest of which call to mind the work of Ada Louise Huxtable. For instance, Goldberger writes,

> The forty-five-story Westin is the most garish tall building that has gone up in New York in as long as I can remember. It is fascinating, if only because it makes Times Square vulgar in a whole new way, extending up into the sky.

The critique from which that bit comes does not get stuck in the theoretical muck. It describes a building, its history and its architects, and then, paragraph by paragraph, explains where and why the building succeeds and, with far greater alacrity, where and why it doesn't.

It is important that, in these brief pieces, Goldberger mostly avoids fraternizing with the theorizing that leads him into trouble in *Why Architecture Matters*. In fact, certain of the essays are outright dismissive of the spoken and written theories of architects; Goldberger has opted to judge their work and not their words. The happy result is pointed writing that is clearer about why architecture matters than his book of that name.

Theory is not unimportant, but architecture is a spatial art, not a verbal one. Too often, those who design buildings and those who write about them allow the ideas to bury the structure. Recall Goldberger's hope to encourage people to look at the architecture that surrounds them, and to help them to "see." *Building Up and Tearing Down* does precisely this, with short essays that are focused and orderly. As Goldberger systematically evaluates architecture—looking at it, standing in it, describing it—he imparts how it is experienced, not how it is explained. One can disagree with his conclusions—he is too gentle, at times, on the star architects, too pleased with trendy designs—but his critical process here is lucid and instructive. ♦

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B&A

Grande Illusion

Starbucks wants you to know it sells more than coffee.

BY KARI BARBIC

The whole purpose of places like Starbucks is for people with no decision-making ability whatsoever to make six decisions just to buy one cup of coffee. Short, tall, light, dark, caf, decaf, low-fat, non-fat, etc. So people who don't know what the hell they're doing or who on earth they are can, for only $2.95, get not just a cup of coffee but an absolutely defining sense of self: Tall. Decaf. Cappuccino.

That is how Joe Fox, owner of the evil superstore in *You've Got Mail*, explains the popularity of Starbucks, or what Bryant Simon calls the "Starbucks moment." In his treatise, Simon attempts to understand and answer the questions: "Why Starbucks? Why now?" Is it really possible that Americans just want a clean place to go to buy a consistently decent cup of coffee? There must be a deeper social motive driving the needs of caffeine addicts nationwide.

Simon believes the story of Starbucks to be the story of the "post-need" marketplace in America, and spends the bulk of this work investigating what Starbucks "promises" and delivers in light of customers' desires for "fulfillment." He looks less at the product and more at the atmosphere and marketing in search of the "something more" that Starbucks sells: the sense of community and global awareness that sets it apart from other (in his view) pedestrian chains.

Of course, viewing Starbucks as a glorified McDonald's is not a new concept, and Simon does not claim to be the first or final authority on the culture of the place. So what exactly are some of Starbucks's "unfulfilled" promises to us? One of the first that Simon examines is the branding of "community," billing Starbucks as a third place—a locale other than home and work where people can meet to experience "community." Simon quotes Starbucks CEO Howard Schultz:

Everything But the Coffee
Learning About America from Starbucks
by Bryant Simon
University of California, 320 pp., $25.95

Starbucks, Manhattan

> I think we have managed to, with a simple cup of coffee and a very unique experience, enhance the lives of millions of people by recreating a sense of community, by bringing people together and recognizing the importance of *place* in people's lives.

Although Starbucks provides a clean, comfortable location for people to be, the idea that Starbucks is actually promoting "community" through its stores is debatable. Simon cites hours spent in a variety of Starbucks in different cities where he interviews patrons and employees to examine this promise. What he discovers is not surprising to anyone who has spent any substantial time in a Starbucks: stores with many people in one place, but not true "community." Simon gives examples of empty community bulletin boards and a persistent lack of real conversation with strangers or meeting of "neighbors." Conclusion: Samuel Johnson-style coffeehouses are not being replicated at your local drive-through Starbucks.

The community Starbucks promises to promote is not just of a social nature, but a global one. Starbucks seeks to appeal to environmentally friendly sensibilities. But through some investigatory research, and a rather uncomfortable episode of the author sifting through a bag of trash he lifts from a Starbucks after hours, Simon shows just how much Starbucks wastes in water and paper resources. The look at environmental waste in the chapter entitled "Not-So-Green Cups" is actually some of the more interesting reporting here. Simon looks at actual practices compared with more environmentally friendly solutions that are not being effectively implemented, such as better practices regarding reusable cups.

Indeed, he cites Starbucks's own web page regarding the benefit of reusable cups, saying that if two customers use their own cups during every other business hour, this could save the company 1,631 gallons of water and 252 pounds in solid waste. As Starbucks regulars (and Simon) know, however, the stores do not loudly advertise and encourage the use of in-store mugs, and the ten-cent savings for bringing your own cup isn't much of an incentive to prevent waste.

Although there are many corporations with an unfashionably substantial carbon footprint, the casual environmentally conscious customer would like to think Starbucks is not one of those evil empires. But if you are going to Starbucks for just a cup of coffee, and not to save the planet from that ever-growing mountain of discarded plastic cups and lids, you can rest easy and not feel quite so deceived.

Simon concludes his journey by looking at how Starbucks marketing appeals

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to its customers' desires to promote global good. He refers to the appeal of "ethical consumption—buying to make a political statement, support the struggles of others, and build enduring challenges to authority." Ethical customers are trying to make the world a better, more equal, place through the purchase of Starbucks fair trade coffee. The complaint regarding Starbucks practices here is not that they are not doing anything but that they are not doing enough—or worse, doing less than they would appear to be doing. Does Starbucks buy and sell fair trade coffee? Yes, but they should buy more. Does Starbucks improve the lives of peasant farmers in developing countries? Sometimes, maybe, we can't be entirely sure; but they should be more vigilant and more generous.

From the evidence presented by Simon, it is clear that Starbucks, through its marketing, appeals to the sympathies of the consumer while placing the profit of the company before the good of the world. Lesson: If you want to make the world a better place, look for a reliable charitable organization to donate to rather than buying a bottle of Ethos water. Or better yet, volunteer a day's service to earn a free ticket to a Disney theme park.

While Simon makes some valid points regarding the feel-good, community image Starbucks sells, some of his material and interviews tend to be more obvious than revealing and can feel redundant. Of course, readers are at some point expected to see themselves in one of the Starbucks regulars that Simon studies. Perhaps you're guilty of "treating" yourself to one too many Frappuccinos, thus illustrating society's incessant need to self-gift, regardless of the economy and dire needs surrounding us. Or maybe you realize that you're not the artistic individual you once presumed since several of the musical artists on your iTunes playlist you "discovered" at Starbucks.

My personal enlightenment? The concept of third places has eluded me. I realized my lack of interest in the community surrounding me when I read these words from one of Simon's friends: "I don't go to Starbucks to talk—I go to be alone." Yes, I am guilty. I have gone to Starbucks many a time to sip a latte while studying alone, reading alone, or—perhaps when I wanted my alone-ness to be socially acceptable—writing in a journal *alone*.

Simon does admit in the end that most of these corporate "sins" do not make Starbucks customers bad people. And Starbucks is not an evil institution: It's just not the global Good Samaritan we hoped for. The ones we should pity are those who allow Starbucks to deceive them by believing that, with every Starbucks beverage choice they make, they're in partnership with Starbucks to do something good for earth and humanity.

If you are one of the enlightened few going to Starbucks just for the coffee—and only when you're unable to visit your locally owned, environmentally friendly, community-focused coffee shop—you will not be deceived by the pictures of peasant farmers in Ethiopia. You will know that they are not living the opulent lifestyle of a corporate executive. You will look at the paper coffee cups and know that they're made from only 10 percent recycled materials. And you will sip your venti Strawberries & Creme Frappuccino all the time knowing you could have had a Big Mac instead for less glamor and fewer calories. ♦

B&A

Old Hickory's Victory

The difficult birth of Jacksonian democracy.

BY VINCENT J. CANNATO

Americans today don't have a very high opinion of politics. We like the idea of democracy, it is just politics that we are not so crazy about. Every campaign year brings more rending of garments in the media about the rise of "negative campaigning" and serious concerns over the "tone" of our politics. Bipartisanship is now viewed as the logical end of democracy.

The corollary to this distaste of politics is the idea that, in the not-too-distant past, there existed a time when politics was not as polarizing. In this telling, such a utopia was broken by the Lee Atwaters, Newt Gingriches, and Karl Roves of the world, who had the audacity to divide the electorate and highlight, in harsh tones, differences with their political opponents. This narrative is pretty much nonsense, and there is no better proof than how incessantly Barack Obama has alluded to ending our partisan divide, all the while pushing his own very partisan political agenda.

The Birth of Modern Politics
Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, and the Election of 1828
by Lynn Hudson Parsons
Oxford, 272 pp., $24.95

As Lynn Hudson Parsons shows in *The Birth of Modern Politics: Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, and the Election of 1828*, politics was pretty messy in the early 19th century, too. Parsons is not the first to call the 1828 presidential campaign the first modern campaign, but he gives a readable and balanced overview of not just the election, but also the politicians who helped create our contentious system of campaigning.

As everyone knows, the Founding Fathers distrusted factionalism and feared the rise of political parties. But the election of 1800 brought to a head the conflict between the Federalists and the emergent Jeffersonian Republicans. As the Federalist party collapsed, it appeared on the surface that

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factionalism was on the decline. But the contentious election of 1824—in which the House broke a deadlock in favor of John Quincy Adams despite Andrew Jackson's having won more electoral votes—would foreshadow future political changes.

So how did the 1828 campaign give birth to modern politics? During the 1800 campaign, 11 of the 16 states had their presidential electors chosen by state legislatures, not the people directly. By 1828, that number was only two. Property qualifications for white men were either abolished or severely reduced. In response, voting participation dramatically increased. The common man was now able to take part directly in the political process in ways unknown a few decades earlier.

Of course, the irony is that such expansion of the franchise, and the surrounding rhetoric of expanding liberty to the common man, took place in the midst of slavery and the lack of women's suffrage. This has caused some scholars to question whether there was much democracy in Jacksonian democracy. But Parsons notes that, despite the shortcomings of the American system, "the tectonic plates were shifting." The republican spirit unleashed by the American Revolution continued to develop in the early 19th century, and the direction of American politics would continue toward greater freedoms and participation. This republican spirit made its way into the 1828 campaign, where can be found, Parsons writes,

> The elements, sometimes rudimentary, of most elections to come: coordinated media, fund-raising, organized rallies, opinion polling, campaign paraphernalia, ethnic voting blocs, image making, even opposition research, smear tactics and dirty tricks. . . . Medals were struck, to be worn as symbols of the candidates. Likenesses of the candidates appeared on plates, snuff boxes, and ladies' hair combs.

The Jacksonians were especially good at understanding the importance of image. Their candidate was the military hero of the Battle of New Orleans, a Washington outsider, and a defender of the common man against an aristocratic elite. It was all very effective, much to Adams's dismay.

'The County Election' (1854) by George Caleb Bingham

What brought about these political divisions? Parsons equivocates a bit on whether it was socioeconomic status or ethnicity, but it is hard to read his book and not see a persistence of cultural divisions in American politics.

"The very name of Massachusetts is odious," a Charleston newspaper noted in the 1820s. Thomas Jefferson, betraying more than a whiff of anti-Semitism, noted how New Englanders were marked "like the Jews, with such perversity of character, as to constitute from that circumstance the natural division of our parties." (This was a century-and-a-half before the rise of Michael Dukakis and John Kerry and the epithet "Massachusetts liberal.")

Andrew Jackson skillfully played on the cultural resentments of frontier settlers against Eastern elites. "To many on the southern frontier, including Jackson," Parsons writes, "easterners tended to be effete, patronizing, and above all, unsympathetic, even hostile, to their needs." I would be willing to bet that Sarah Palin shares Jackson's sentiments. Jackson once gave a Fourth of July toast "to the rising greatness of the West—may it never be impeded by the jealousy of the East." You can hear the same attitude in Barry Goldwater's famous comment, when he mused whether "this country would be better off if we could just saw off the Eastern Seaboard and let it float out to sea."

Slavery and sectionalism, broadly speaking, certainly played a part in the political divisions that Parsons outlines in the 1820s. People like Jackson increasingly resented the growing abolitionism of New Englanders. But there were also, as David Hackett Fischer shows in *Albion's Seed*, cultural differences as well, between the Scots-Irish frontiersmen and the New England descendants of the Puritans. Easterners looked down on the rowdy Jacksonians, who in turn resented the elitism of their social betters.

These cultural differences were intertwined with important philosophical differences. Parsons notes that the presidency of John Quincy Adams, already shadowed by accusations that he won thanks to a corrupt bargain with Henry Clay, was severely damaged by his first Annual Message to Congress. In it, Adams told Congress that the "great object of civil government is the improvement of those who are parties to the social compact." The message was filled with ambitious calls for government to build railroads, canals,

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a national university, a naval academy, a unified system of weights and measures, and a national observatory.

It was a call for an energetic national government that would have warmed the heart of David Brooks, but it angered many Jacksonians. In a repeat of the earlier debates between Hamiltonians and Jeffersonians, these men feared that a strong national government would weaken the republican spirit in America and only benefit Northern elites. "Adams's urging Americans to imitate Europe in 'the career of internal improvements,'" writes Parsons, "enabled his critics to accuse him once again of a sneaking admiration for the effete, corrupt, and 'monarchical' society of the Old World in which he had spent much of his adult life." The echoes of this criticism of Adams can be heard in conservative arguments that liberal Democrats like Barack Obama are more enamored of European social welfare states than they are of American democracy and capitalism.

Unlike modern political campaigns, however, the one in 1828 was relatively short, and there really isn't enough there for an entire book. So Parsons spends a good deal of time presenting biographical sketches of Adams and Jackson. If we are in the midst of a revival of interest in the Adams family, then we are also witnessing a steady erosion in the popularity of Jackson, the fiery Scots-Irishman as slaveholder, Indian-killer, land-speculator, duelist, and possible bigamist. No historian today would seriously attempt to argue for Jackson as a premature New Deal liberal, as Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. did in the 1940s.

Parsons presents himself as a partisan for neither figure, giving each his due. And he ends his book with an odd, yet thought-provoking, observation that Abraham Lincoln's greatness was partly due to "his absorbing the best qualities" of Jackson and Adams. Whether one agrees with that or not, Parsons nicely captures the birth of modern politics, and reminds us that populist huzzahs, backroom deals, personal attacks, and divisive rhetoric are not some anomaly to American politics, but an integral part of it. ♦

B&A

Frozen in Time

An Arctic death in pursuit of glory—and truth.

BY ZACHARY BENNETT

As is often the case with revisionist histories, this one demystifies and demytholgizes its subject, the ill-fated British expedition to the Arctic led by a naval captain, Sir John Franklin. That Andrew Lambert intends to challenge the conventional version of the Franklin expedition is clear from the outset. He begins his prologue with this arresting sentence, which surely would have shocked the civilized sensibilities of mid-Victorian Britain: "We don't know when it started, or who took the decision, but some time in May 1848 British sailors from HMS *Erebus* and HMS *Terror* began butchering and eating their comrades."

The Gates of Hell
Sir John Franklin's Tragic Quest for the Northwest Passage
by Andrew Lambert
Yale, 456 pp., $32.50

Lambert thus asserts as fact what has, in the past, been considered arguable: that the crew of the Franklin expedition, stranded in the Arctic, engaged in cannibalism. The controversy surrounding this claim, according to Lambert, derives from the simple fact Victorian Britons did not want to imagine their fellow Englishmen as cannibals, and so ignored the evidence. Today, along with human bones which show evidence of being cut by knives, and accounts of the Inuit who encountered the crew (both of which were known and ignored by contemporaries who trekked to the Arctic in search of Franklin), there is forensic science to support the claim. But while this is undoubtedly the most gripping aspect of *The Gates of Hell*, cannibalism accounts for only a small part of Lambert's history. It is, nonetheless, an important part of his thesis; namely, that, for a variety of reasons, chiefly a love of patriotic heroism, the "history" of the Franklin expedition was untrue from its first draft. Lambert seeks to correct the record.

A teenaged John Franklin joined the Royal Navy in 1800 when seafaring and science were a common enterprise. At the root of this phenomenon was the Prussian Alexander von Humboldt, who sought a comprehensive scientific understanding of the natural world based on empirical observation. Humboldt's vision of science united with exploration caught the British imagination, including that of the young midshipman John Franklin. His early naval service was a combination of warfare with Napoleonic France and naval science—specifically geomagnetism, studying compass deviation. Franklin became enthralled with the Arctic while serving on (and leading) expeditions from 1818 through the mid-1820s, and the exoticism of the Arctic—along with Franklin's unquestioned leadership gifts, which ensured success in the face of brutal conditions—made him a national hero and, thanks to his observations on magnetism, a leading figure in British science as well. After service in the Mediterranean, and a stint as lieutenant-governor of the penal colony that is now Tasmania in Australia, Franklin was dispatched in 1845, at the age of 59, on a final Arctic voyage.

Advertised as a mission to complete the Northwest Passage, it had a primarily scientific purpose. Lambert contends that the British government well knew that there was no economically useful Northwest Passage across the

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North American continent, and would not have risked two naval vessels and a crew of 129 men to complete it. In any event, Franklin and his crew failed to return. Evidence from the expedition discovered later suggests that the ships became trapped by ice, stranding Franklin and his crew miles from the fresh food needed to survive. (On the question of cannibalism, Franklin was neither a consumer nor consumed; records left by the crew indicate that he died before any cannibalism occurred.) Many probably died of scurvy induced by a lack of nourishment and an insufficient supply of lemon juice.

In tragic detail, Lambert recounts the innumerable missions sent, first, to recover the crew and then, once it was clear there could be no survivors, to recover remnants. Franklin's wife, Lady Jane, was most responsible for convincing the Admiralty, time and again, to send these missions out—usually at great cost—and the leader of one such expedition, Francis McClintock, reported that, based on traces he discovered, Franklin had completed the Northwest Passage. Correctly believing that this fictional achievement would grant her late husband the legacy she was determined to establish for him, Lady Franklin promoted the claim that the mission's chief object was completion of the Northwest Passage. Not true, according to Lambert, who explains that the scientific community in Britain was more than happy to wash its hands of the failure by endorsing Lady Franklin's narrative. Moreover, the Humboldtian vision that had driven Franklin had been displaced by Darwinian biology. Lambert notes that exploration, not science, was what fascinated the British public, and the recasting of the Franklin mission followed this change in taste and secured his popular legacy.

In my view, Lambert exaggerates the consequences of the fabricated history. "By awarding Franklin the dubious distinction of finding a useless geographical curiosity that he was not looking for," he writes, "the Victorians turned a catastrophe into a morality tale, a public endorsement of obedience, duty, and resolve." He goes on to indict this misunderstanding for contributing to the subsequent deaths of Robert Falcon Scott and his crew in the Antarctic and the massive British casualties in the trenches of World War I. But even a clear understanding of Franklin and his expedition must feature the sense of duty and patriotic sacrifice, which Lambert finds so destructive. Indeed, even Lambert praises Franklin as "an inspirational leader" and "the noblest of public men," driven by a sense of duty to God and country.

The only difference between Lambert's Franklin and the Franklin of the Victorians is that Lambert's did his duty for science. This is an important distinction, in its way, but does nothing to diminish Franklin's nobility of character or patriotic sacrifice. ♦

B&A

Makar's Mark

The Irish bard translates a Scots epic.

BY KATHERINE EASTLAND

When Ireland's fourth Nobel laureate of literature, Seamus Heaney, celebrated his 70th birthday last April, all of Ireland joined in. The Irish Museum of Modern Art held an exhibition of his illustrated books, a symphony was composed in his honor, a 14-foot bronze sculpture, first fashioned of peat, was unveiled in Bellaghy Bawn to commemorate his first poem "Digging," and little red boxed sets went on sale filled with 15 CDs of the poet reciting all 11 books of his verse. That's over 12 hours of compounded Seamus.

The Testament of Cresseid and Seven Fables
by Robert Henryson,
translated by Seamus Heaney
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 208 pp., $25

In a birthday address televised throughout Ireland, Heaney lightly called the CD set his "apotheosis as the vox in the box" and was quick to note that all of the gifts and praise extended to him were "not retirement presents, but ratifications and refreshments." In other words, he is "keeping going."

Proving that point, Famous Seamus, as Clive James once called him, has published another book. It's a modernization of select works by a nearly forgotten poet who, in his time, was also well known: Robert Henryson, the greatest of the late-medieval Scots *makars* (poets). In his introduction Heaney writes that he made this book "first and foremost" to advocate "the work in question, for unless this poetry is brought out of the university syllabus and on to the shelves 'a great prince in prison lies.'"

Robert Henryson (born *circa* 1425) wrote over 5,000 still-surviving lines in Lowland Scots, a northern dialect of English. The original is printed (without appendix and glossary, to keep the book slim) on the facing pages. This allows the reader to soon realize that Scots is not far removed from contemporary English, and that Heaney keeps close to the original, often at the level of the word and not just of phrase. He also maintains the rollicking rhyme royal stanza, inherited from Chaucer, whom Henryson highly esteemed, calling him "worthie" and twice "glorious." Heaney's take—it is a stretch to call it a translation—reads as a confident and natural extension of Henryson's work.

While Henryson's poetry has survived, his biography has not, further pressing him into obscurity. Just two or three cloudy facts are all we know

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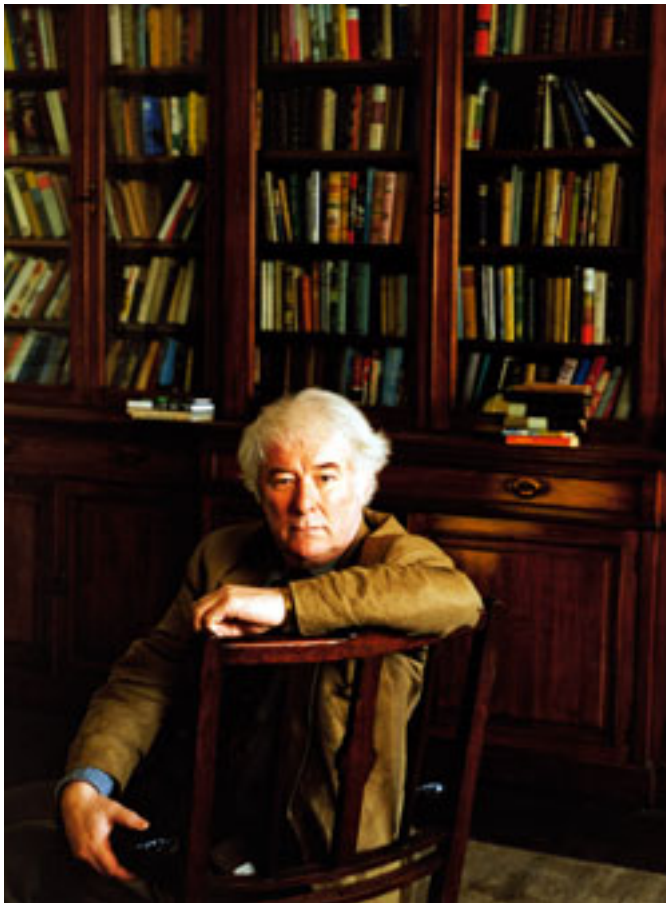
about him: He died shortly before 1505 when his contemporary William Dunbar famously wrote in rhyming couplets a litany for the dead, "Death of the Makars," that Death "has done roun [whispered] to Maister Robert Henrisoun." And by that fragment we know a bit about his position: As "Maister," he was a known and learned man, a university graduate, but not necessarily a professor.

Sitting at the crossing point of Heaney's fame and Henryson's obscurity, this book nearly amounts to a beautiful joke between Heaney and Lady Fortune herself, especially since she plays a part in the *Testament of Cresseid*, the poem featured here at the start. *The Testament*, one of the masterpieces of 15th-century literature, is a 600-line epilogue to Chaucer's monumental mock epic of the heart, *Troilus and Criseyde*. By Henryson's own admission, the *Testament* is "a poem full of hurt." It begins where Chaucer left off, with Cresseid spurning her first love, Troilus, for another, Diomede. Henryson continues the story to chronicle Cresseid's "final quick declension": Her new lover spurns her and she, in turn, scorns the gods for an inconstant love life.

"You gave me to believe, and I trusted you," Cresseid cries, "that the seed of love was sown in my face." Then the gods, led by Saturn and the moon Cynthia, goddess of inconstancy, decree that Cresseid, now a prostitute, will endure their curse of leprosy, don a "cloak and beaver hat," and walk through town carrying "cup and clapper" for alms. It is a far fall from her highborn life.

But this is *not* a stock tale about woman as a snare or siren who gets her rightful due. In fact, the poet does not even judge her—that, it seems, is work cut out for those above him, such as the famous lady of inconstancy, Fortune. Reserving judgment, Henryson extends to her a sympathy that is (to use Heaney's term) "dry-eyed." It is also constant.

One of the most moving passages—in Henryson's tongue and in Heaney's faithful rendering—falls near the end of the tale: Troilus, Cresseid's former lover who has always loved her, rides by on a horse and barely recognizes her now that her skin is spotted and ringwormed. She does not even register his face. The poets write this non-reunion scene in halting, mostly monosyllabic, words.



Seamus Heaney, 1995

STEVE PYKE / GETTY IMAGES

Than upon him scho kest up baith hir ene—
And with ane blenk it come into his thocht
That he sumtime hir face befoir had sene.
Bot scho was in sic plye he knew hir nocht;
Yit than hir luik into his mynd it brocht
The sweit visage and amorous blenking
Of fair Cresseid, sumtyme his awin darling.

Upon his then she cast up both her eyes
And at a glance it came into his thought
That he some time before had seen her face
But she was in such state he knew her not;
Yet still into his mind her look had brought
The features and the amorous sweet glancing
Of fair Cresseid, one time his own, his darling.

This is poetry that tells the "music of what happens"—a phrase Heaney has used to describe what he strives for in his own poems. That music continues for the rest of the poem. The two characters, who do not meet again, act in remembrance of each other—a proper continuation of a non-reunion. Cresseid, growing weaker, bequeaths a ruby ring to him in her will; and once she has died, Troilus erects a tomb of gray marble for her. Nothing is said of life after death. "Since she is dead," runs the last line, "I speak of her no more."

While there is consolation for neither Cresseid nor Troilus, there is dignity in that they grieve but soon govern their grief. They have no delusions of grandeur, no bloated fictions. Like the sixth-century Christian philosopher Boethius, whom Henryson most likely read—perhaps even in Chaucer's translation—Troilus and Cresseid find consolation in their philosophy, and Lady Philosophy stands as their defense against Lady Fortune.

The rest of the book follows Henryson's advice "to mix merry in with graver matter." It includes 7 of Henryson's 13 fables, loosely based on Aesop's and played out by fanciful animals (and the occasional man, who bumbles about with a cart and for the most part keeps mum). The stories are filled with vivid humor: a cock, for instance, who finds a jasper of great price and lets it go, telling it frankly, "You are not corn and corn

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is what I covet." Such humor isn't there just for sport, but to creatively illustrate Christian morals. And their lightness keeps them from sounding like broken gospel records.

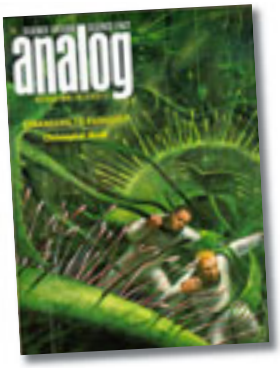
Ultimately, Seamus Heaney's latest book is a testament to endurance—to Heaney still working at his craft, to Henryson's gathering (if late) audience, to the morals and humor expressed in the fables, to the lasting strength of Troilus and Cresseid, even to the English language itself. In this way *The Testament* is a comfort, and for a moment it quiets the fear behind the wish of any poet, famous or obscure, that what he makes might not be later known. As Chaucer wrote in *Troilus and Criseyde*, addressing his own book of poetry, "for there is so great diversity / In English and in writing of our tongue, / So pray I God that no one mis-write thee … That thou be understood, God I beseech." ♦

B&A

Tomorrowland

The chronicle of popular science fiction/fact.

BY ELI LEHRER



Analog Magazine: Science Fiction, Science Fact (that's the actual full title) turns 80 this year, and seems at first glance like an anachronism.

Consider the facts: It's one of the few mainstream magazines that still serializes novels, prints in the digest form that even *Readers' Digest* abandoned, never posts any of its content on the Internet, and won't accept initial submissions via email. Although *Analog*'s content stays on the cutting edge—stories extrapolating on new discoveries can appear only months after papers hit the scientific journals—the magazine even looks old-fashioned. Its black-and-white interior contains only a few nods to electronic layout, and the bright, multicolored covers could pass for 1950s B-movie posters. The circulation of 33,000 is small but, in its 80 years, *Analog* has had a broad influence on the shape of American culture by defining and sustaining an entire branch of imaginary literature: hard science fiction.

"Hard" sci-fi—what *Analog* prints—consists of creative writing that relies heavily on real-world science. Plenty of speculative fiction—*Star Wars*, Doris Lessing's *Canopus* series—pays almost no attention to actual science. Such speculative fiction can be good or bad literature, but it's not even remotely new. If published today, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Thomas More's *Utopia*, and the Book of Job would all likely find a place in booksellers' "science fiction" sections, even though none of them even pretends to be grounded in science.

Hard science fiction is arguably the most modern major genre. Although its origins date back to classical antiquity, the scientific method of disinterested, rational inquiry into the universe didn't begin to shape society until the second industrial revolution in the late 19th century. With actual science came science fiction, and starting with popular authors like Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, an entire genre emerged that aims to incorporate the future of science into a literary form. Through a grounding in actual science—even far-fetched science—hard science fiction can ask specific questions about the human future. And that's what *Analog* prints.

"We want good stories but good stories that include a real element of science. Stories that wouldn't make sense without some sort of scientific element," explains Stanley Schmidt, editor since 1978, only the third in *Analog*'s history. But with this unique attribute comes a pitfall for hard science fiction: Great literature, by definition, manages to ask (and sometimes answer) universal questions about the human condition. Although character-driven stories—which are quite possible even in a hard science fiction context—can address almost anything, a major focus of any hard sci-fi story will, almost by definition, involve something that has never happened to anyone. (Yet.) So hard science fiction, even when well crafted, will probably never make it into the literary canon.

Still, such grounded speculation about the future has become more important than ever. Much modern culture, ranging from television shows such as *CSI* and *House* to congressional debates over stem cell research, relies heavily on cutting-edge scientific discoveries. An understanding of where things might go, and what technology might do, can do more to inform the public policy debate and the shape of society than ever before.

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From its first days under founding editor John W. Campbell, *Analog* provided a market for this type of work. And most of what fills its pages is pretty good. Well-known science fiction novels such as Orson Scott Card's *Ender's Game* and, going back much further, E.E. "Doc" Smith's *Lensmen* series, made their first appearances in *Analog*. To be sure, the magazine has printed some duds: Under its original name—*Astounding*—it printed the original outline of L. Ron Hubbard's cult manual, *Dianetics*; but it also printed some pretty good stories that Hubbard wrote in his first career as a science fiction author.

Over 80 years, however, the good has outweighed the bad by a healthy margin. Although some stories will raise eyebrows—one recent piece features a sentient, Buddhist Tyrannosaurus Rex as its protagonist and a twangy-talking, self-aware gun as her main foil—much of its current content asks genuine questions about the future. Stories that consider the realistic probabilities of genetic engineering, the functioning of healthy ecosystems, and the possibilities of an oil-less economy, have all appeared in recent issues. Serious "science fact" articles, likewise, never talk down to readers.

Although most of today's hot science fiction authors have written for *Analog* at one time or another, Schmidt still reads just about every manuscript he receives. For every story from a big name author, *Analog* prints something from an unknown. Moreover, since the science fiction imprint Dell owns *Analog*, it serves as a breeding ground, market, and source of validation for new authors interested in churning out creative stories with a scientific element.

"In fact," Schmidt says, "I prefer to print novels that haven't been sold. It's something more for the readers." So the type of material that *Analog* prints may never win the major literary prizes, or become mainstays of the canon, but it has served a valuable purpose in a world where science shapes public policy. After 80 years, small, slightly cranky *Analog* remains relevant, important—and deserving of a future. ♦

B&A

Turning Peter

A blame-America-firster discovers his inner patriot.

BY NOEMIE EMERY

Imagine a Christopher Buckley novel set in the world of *24* and Jack Bauer, and you have *Banquo's Ghosts*, the fiction debut of *National Review*'s Rich Lowry (along with Keith Korman)—which is really two genres in one. A Buckley novel takes political life and tweaks it ever so slightly so that it comes out just like itself—if not more so—and *Ghosts*, by this standard, does not disappoint.

Banquo's Ghosts
by Richard Lowry
and Keith Korman
Vanguard, 352 pp., $25.95

There is a venerable left-wing magazine in New York called *The Crusader*, always on the alert against sexism, racism, warmongering, imperialism, greed, and other forms of mainly American wickedness. There is its editrice, the megarich media empress Josephine Parker von Hildebrand (Jo von H), who looks out for the trodden-upon from her penthouse apartment on Central Park West. There is Peter Johnson, her first husband and now her pet in-house writer, turning out books and award-winning magazine pieces on the justified loathing of the United States by all right-thinking people (*Why They Hate Us—Why They Hate Us More—Why There's Nothing Else to Do But Hate Us*), culminating in his epic denunciation of the American role in the 1991 Gulf War, *Dresden For Our Times: Fear and Loathing on the Highway of Death*. Peter is a fixture on *Larry King Live* and at Jo's soirées, where he banters with Neville Poore, the *New York Times*'s ex-theater critic-turned-pundit, whose favorite and recurrent topic of discourse is "Red State America's repressed obsession with sex."

What none of them knows is that Peter was "turned" shortly after 9/11 by two rogue and remarkable CIA agents, who fashion him into something less like a guided missile and more like a loose cannon, to use as a tool in their plots against terror. The genius is in the improbability: Who would believe that a well-known left-winger, wholly disorganized and pickled in alcohol, could be used as a mole by these sinister forces? Sometimes the people who trained him can hardly believe it themselves.

As the unlikely hero and heart of the story, Peter is only too human and fallible, with a drinking problem, a self-discipline problem, and a commitment problem—three failed marriages of two years' duration—a man whose radicalism is largely a form of inertia, of floating along on the cultural flow. But he is also a decent sort, repelled by the anti-Semitism that prevails in his milieu; and when his only daughter, who worked in a building beside the Twin Towers, is saved from incineration by a stomachache suffered the night of September 10, he realizes that there are things in the world even worse than his country, and commences to see life anew.

This development catches the cold, all-seeing eyes of Stewart Banquo and his aide, Robert Wallets, two superspies who carry on endless war on America's enemies, and on the bureaucrats, fools, and wimps on their side in the federal government, whom they deeply and truly despise. Square of jaw, stout of heart, resolution personified, they track Johnson down and reel him in slowly, spotting him first at a Jo von H party, where he is repelled by a guest's anti-Israeli effusions, then after a post-9/11 NYU forum, where his attempts

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to suggest that terror is evil have been shouted down by a mob. Wallets follows him home, saves him from a mugging, sobers him up, and makes him an offer it turns out he cannot refuse.

There follows "years and years of talk. Just talk" at Banquo's office at 30 Rock in Manhattan, where they "showed him the world from many new angles," force-feeding him data on Islamic society, nuclear physics, and Middle East history. They force him to stay at least partially sober. They make him swim laps until he is at least less unfit than he was at the beginning, and all the while, he keeps up his work at *The Crusader*, doing his best to sabotage the Iraq war effort, playing up Abu Ghraib, accusing Marines of a massacre, making Jo von H even happier. Near the end, they put him through improvised boot camp.

At the start, he appears noncommittal, telling himself he could quit any minute, and sink back to his old life of slothful imbibing. But time passes, and something strange starts to happen: He starts to turn into a *mensch*. Rigor agrees with him, as does having a purpose. Nursing an in-between twinge in his butter-soft feet,

> It occurred to Johnson that he had lived his whole life in a buttery in-between state . . . he never chose to take a stand, never confronted some difficult issue . . . never committed himself to a dangerous point of view unless there were some compensating benefit that outweighed the personal jeopardy by several orders of magnitude . . . and never really knew what a bad place that was to be, except for now.

Newly serene, he returns to New York to be told the point of all this was to send him to Iran in the guise of a regime-friendly journalist, get into the Iranian nuclear program, gain access to Iran's leading nuclear scientist—and, um . . . take him out.

Alas, the plan fails (although not through his doing), but Johnson discovers his soul in resistance, and on his return (Wallets smuggles him over the Iran/Iraq border) helps foil a plot to irradiate New York City by seeding chemical weapons in Union Square, near the Cloisters, and in the Christopher Street station of the IRT. Along the way, there are you-are-there renderings of Iraq, Iran, and the New York subway system (in its entirety) that bring them to life with more than a vengeance: "The whole Middle East smelled like that—never enough water," Lowry/Korman write at one point. "The odor of too many people living over too few drains."

But the real fun is in the evocations of the cultural zeitgeist and the current political scene: Larry King blathering, battles with the hated boss DEADKEY at Langley, Jo von H at a party squeezing the bottom of a current admirer, Jo with Chris Matthews, feeding the beast: "Chris . . . still chewed the bit in his teeth over government spying and lying, and Josephine rode him like a gelding," as Lowry/Korman inform us. "Do you think—we've got reports out there," as Chris says to the siren, "do you think they know what they're saying, those so-called neocons—although they don't seem very neo to me, con maybe, *hah-hah*—do you think—you know what I'm getting at . . . do you think the Iranians were *involved*?"

Well, the so-called neocons will certainly love this, as the right people get tortured, including the swine who seduced Johnson's daughter. They will pray Banquo and Duncan have real-life equivalents. And they will surely love this description of a Soho art gallery where *The Crusader* contingent holds one of its flings:

> The artist . . . specialized in American flags. The stars and stripes plastered on every available wall and in every imaginable condition: some torn, some burned, some upside down, one on the floor that everyone walked on . . . another over a casket, another choking a toilet as a constant flushing sound emanated from the tank.

Banquo's Ghosts understands, as many conservatives do not, that humor plays better than bluster among the vast uncommitted, and raillery is far more effective than rage. The people at the *New York Times* and the *Nation* may find this less amusing, but this is still a free country. They can always write books of their own. ♦

B&A

Thrills and Kills

One hundred thirty-eight minutes of guaranteed suspense. **BY JOHN PODHORETZ**

Shutter Island is a two-hour-and-18-minute thriller based on a 400-page, 150,000-word novel by Dennis Lehane. Usually in such circumstances, the movie proves to be a terrific disappointment, and for good reason; the adaptation almost always simplifies the plot and action in a way that drains the material of the qualities that made the book worth adapting in the first place.

Shutter Island
Directed by Martin Scorsese

That is not the case with *Shutter Island*, which is in every particular a vast improvement on its source. Martin Scorsese's movie manages to be extremely faithful to the original even as it transcends the desperate silliness of Lehane's twisty but ultimately ludicrous plot. The movie is a hit, and deservedly so, in spite of some thuddingly unimaginative reviewers who seem unable to grasp the nature of the game Scorsese is playing here.

He and his screenwriter, Laeta Kalogridis, establish an off-kilter, confusing mood that echoes and mirrors the crisis besetting its protagonist, U.S. Marshal Teddy Daniels. Teddy is played by Leonardo DiCaprio in a jangly per-

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Mark Ruffalo, Leonardo DiCaprio

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

formance that is so spectacularly good and controlled it ought to end forever the controversy over whether he is more than just a pretty boy.

Teddy is a fascinating character, a World War II veteran who was present at the liberation of Dachau and is haunted by the memory of a beloved dead wife (Michelle Williams, who appears briefly and to shattering effect). The year is 1954. He has come to the title island, the home to a hospital for the criminally insane that sits in the midst of Boston Harbor, because a violent patient who murdered her own children has disappeared from her cell. And he finds himself mystified and worried by the strange refusal of the hospital's staff to cooperate with his investigation.

Shutter Island is an "everything is not as it seems" thriller, which is a very difficult thing to pull off because the genre relies on conspiracies and coincidences and character quirks that always threaten to turn ridiculous. That is exactly what happened recently to *Edge of Darkness*, another Massachusetts-based thriller in which Mel Gibson plays a Boston cop whose daughter is killed in an attempt to assassinate him—only it turns out she was the target of the assassin, not he. Gibson is terrific in it, and the movie is well shot; but by the time men in a black Range Rover decide to try to kill Mel by putting radioactive nuclear material in his milk—no, I'm not kidding—we've checked out. (Maybe they should have tried kosher wine.)

Indeed, it's so hard to pull off, Lehane's original novel doesn't manage it. That is due to the book's excessive length; it takes so long to read *Shutter Island* that one's ability to suspend disbelief is taken to the breaking point and beyond. Kalogridis (who was, I am astonished to report, a screenwriter of Oliver Stone's horrifically bad *Alexander* and James Cameron's ghostwriter on *Avatar*) hits every plot and character point in 138 minutes. And Scorsese's histrionic visual approach conveys the sense of the story much more effectively than Lehane's indifferent prose.

The movie, though, wouldn't work at all were it not for DiCaprio's extraordinary performance, which (unlike the plot) only seems to get better the more you think about it. It's alternately showy and subtle, working on several levels at once. *Shutter Island* begins with DiCaprio already set at high pitch: The first line is DiCaprio looking in the mirror and saying "pull yourself together, Teddy" as he copes with a bout of seasickness on a Boston Harbor ferry in roiling waters that portend a huge storm. He has to maintain the same level of intensity throughout the movie's running time without driving us crazy, and he pulls it off.

I had little interest in seeing *Shutter Island* because I found the book such a chore. And yet, even with advance knowledge of twists and turns I thought implausible, the movie compelled my attention from the very first, and then somehow began surprising me. Every few minutes there is a golden nugget of an actorly turn—especially Jackie Earle Haley as a mental patient who is completely misunderstood and the great Max von Sydow as a psychiatrist enjoying moments of enigmatic private amusement 53 years after playing chess with Death in *The Seventh Seal.*

Martin Scorsese has made a melodrama that doesn't actually pretend to be anything other than it is; indeed, one of the plot tricks is how the movie plays on our expectation that it has grand political and ideological ambitions. The novel has the same reversal, but it doesn't work nearly as well—maybe because certain types of political clichés are more familiar in Hollywood movies than they are in books and so it comes as a more bracing treat when they are used on screen not to enlighten us but rather to misdirect us. There's nothing in the least profound or meaningful about *Shutter Island*, and in the final analysis, that may be the greatest treat of all. ♦

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"For five days, retiring Sen. Jim Bunning held his fellow Republicans hostage. He stood his ground, angry and alone, a one-man blockade against unemployment benefits, Medicare payments to doctors, satellite TV to rural Americans and paychecks to highway workers."

—Washington Post, *March 3, 2010*

AY, MARCH 10, 2010 washingtonpost.com • 75¢

Bunning causes logjam in Senate cafeteria line

SENATOR REFUSED TO BUDGE

'What's Wrong With Meatloaf Two Days in a Row?'

BY JASON HOROWITZ

NEWSCOM

Kentucky senator Jim Bunning lectures fellow Senate cafeteria patrons on the excessive use of paper napkins.

After single-handedly blocking a billion-dollar spending bill for five days to point out the government's fiscal irresponsibility, Kentucky senator Jim Bunning looked reinvigorated and had a noticeable spring in his step as he went to pick up his lunch yesterday at the Dirksen Senate cafeteria. It was there, however, while waiting in line with his tray, that he noticed the previous day's meatloaf special had been replaced by chicken fajitas. Upon being informed by the manager that several trays of meatloaf remained unused but were not being served—chicken fajitas are a Tuesday special—the Republican senator stood before the cashier, angrily demanding the rightful return of the meatloaf, and refused to move.

"This is yet another sign of wasteful spending," complained Bunning. "These sizzling fajitas might be popular, but they are also adding to the soaring price of these buffets. And all we are doing is passing on this heavy cost burden to future generations of hungry legislative correspondents and schedulers who can barely afford the blue plate special." Bunning's protest occurred during the height of the lunch hour, with a line of anxious staffers and tourists eager to get going and growing testy by the minute.

"You made your point, now pay the lady!" shouted a colleague who asked to be quoted only by his first name, Mitch. Another unnamed staffer yelled out, "Go back to Hart!" referring to the building that houses Bunning's office. But the senator remained focused, explaining patiently that someone needs to take a stand. "The cafeteria could just as easily have served meatloaf one day, poured gravy and mushrooms on top and called it Salisbury steak the next, and thrown in some onions and called it chopped steak the day after that." He then informed the people behind him in line that "if you don't like what I'm doing, you are more than welcome to have my sandwich—my knuckle-sandwich that I guarantee will [expletive] you up."

One hour later, Bunning relented, saying he was satisfied he got his point across and that he was sensitive to the people's needs. "I looked back and saw some of my older colleagues who frankly aren't looking too swell—some of them are suffering from sciatica. They needed to eat their meals. For many of them, it may be their last. And as for the rest of you," said Bunning, extending his middle

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